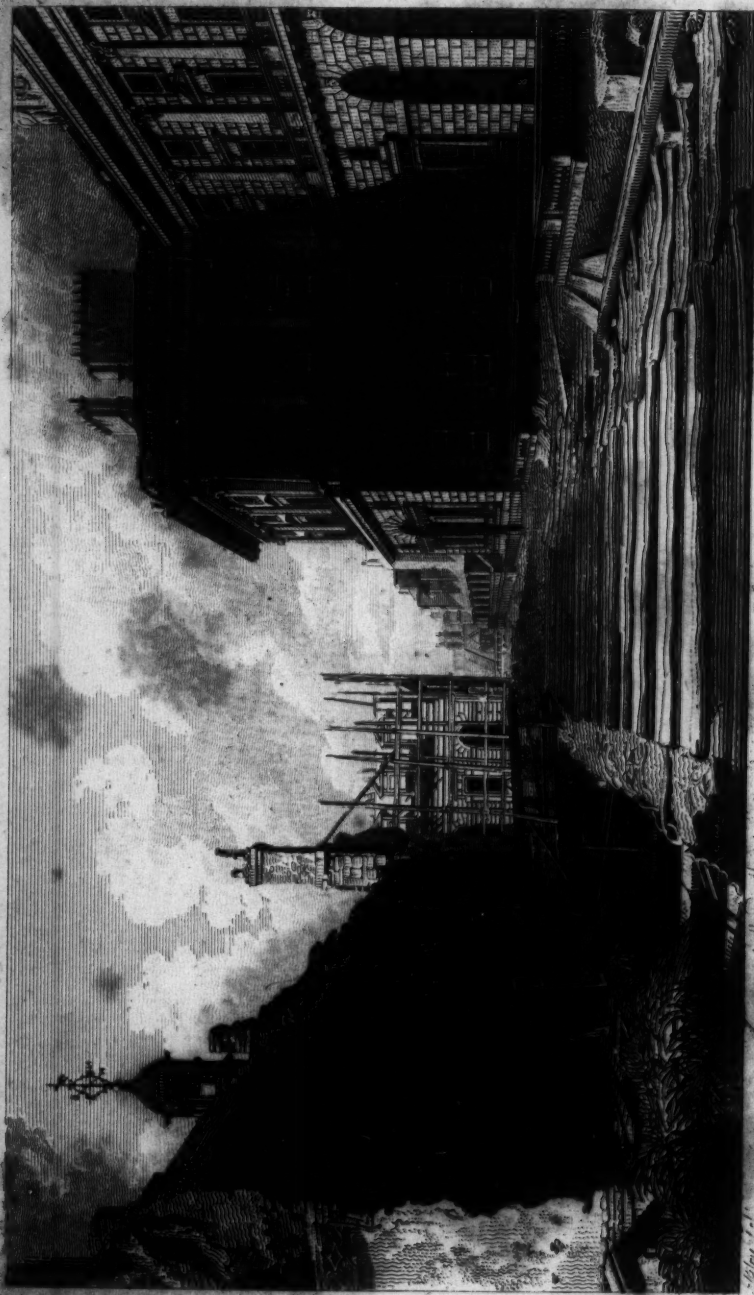
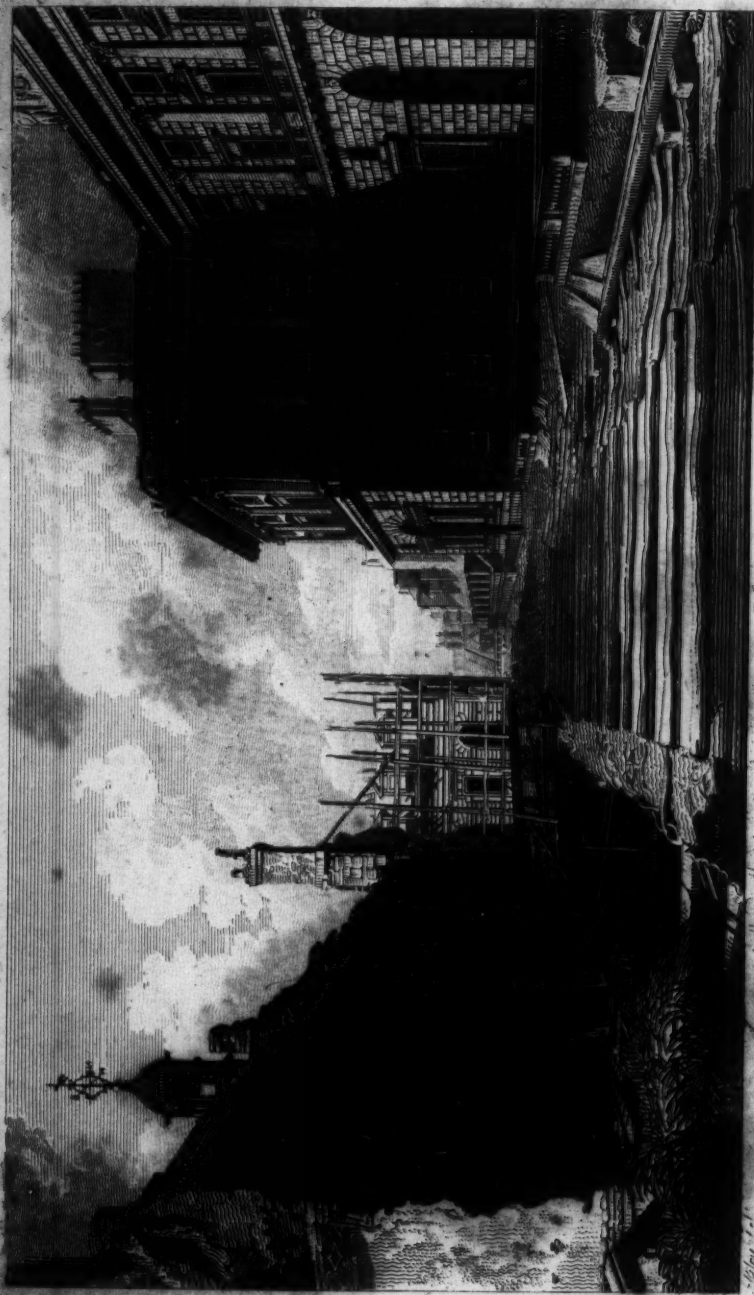




VIEW of THE INNER PART of OLD SOMERSET HOUSE.



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MISCELLANIES:

IN

PROSE AND VERSE;

WRITTEN BY

THOMAS BELLAMY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

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STRAND---MR. SYMONDS, PATERNOSTER-ROW,

AND MR. DEBRETT, PICCADILLY.

1795.

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Added to these Contents, are,

A LIFE OF MR. WILLIAM PARSONS, COMEDIAN;

AND

THE LONDON THEATRES, A POEM.

The PRESENT EDITION of these works, though *prix'd*, and
separately paged, cannot be had but with the Miscellanies.

The binder will place

The View of old Somerfet House to face page 120.

The Portrait of Mr. Parsons before the Title to his Life; and

The Head of Dibdin to face the Title to Vol. I.

MISCELLANIES.

THE *SCHOOL FOR LIBERTINES:*

A DRAMATIC TALE.

MR. ALTON, once, amply possessed of the gifts of fortune, and surrounded with every earthly blessing, suddenly left an amiable wife then pregnant, and an infant son, and fled from the pursuit of justice.

He had violated the laws of religion, honour, and his country, by seducing from her duty the consort of his friend; they met and the injured husband lost his life in the fatal rencounter.

The murderer precipitately left his native country, completely wretched, and loaded with all the horrors of guilt and dismay.

A short time after his arrival in Italy, his means of support failed; extravagance and dissipation had

ruined his fortunes, and he must soon have fled from importunate creditors, had not this still more dreadful cause forced him from his wretched family.

As he had acquired the art of becoming fortunate at play, his talents that way were now brought forward, and an uncommon run of success soon enabled him to shine forth again in a foreign country with the same splendour he once displayed in his own.

Again engaged in frivolous pursuits of expence and pleasure, his light and worthless heart soon dismissed every trace of remorse for the distress and anguish he had occasioned in the family of his murdered friend, and the utter ruin brought on his deserted wife and children.

Possessing every art of genteel address, an elegant person, assisted with all the powers of soft persuasion, he soon (under the name of Freeman, not daring to use his real one) won upon the heart of a young lady of exalted birth, whom he privately married.

Her friends at first forbade them their presence, but the young and beautiful Italian being a much-loved and only child, they soon yielded to excuses and professions which he too well knew how to frame, and at length received them to favour and protection.

Many years passed on without a returning thought of former connexions: he had heard long since, by private means, that his first lady had fallen a victim to a broken heart, leaving the care of a son and daughter to her afflicted father, who had little remaining to support them, the necessities of the unprincipled and unfeeling Alton having almost drained his once ample fortune.

The afflicted parent did not long survive the loss of his child. But heaven raised up a friend to her offspring: this friend, who delighted in acts of mercy, adopted the two innocents, as his own, making over to them his estate and *his name*.

A young gentleman of the name of Easton, often visited at Mr. Freeman's, whose house was always open to people of fashion; and though their years did not correspond, yet the former still carried an appearance of youth and gaiety, assisted by an uncommon share of health, and a heart feelingly alive to every call of pleasure.

Alike dissolute in manners, and inclination, an intimacy soon commenced between them. The present Mrs. Freeman, who, before her marriage, experienced every indulgence and attention from

parents who adored her, had too early an occasion to lament her misplaced affection.

Never, but in the hours of inebriation, did she experience any thing like attention and kindness from the man who owed every thing to her. Then, indeed, he would utter rhapsodies of affection, alike destitute of sincerity as of reason.

And now their only child (a beautiful girl, who had just attained her thirteenth year, the lone companion of her pensive mother, to whom she was indeed a real comfort, dutiful affection and endearing sensibility having lightened many a painful day) was visited by a fever, which robbed the poor lady of her sole remaining blessing. Mrs. Freeman fell into a deep decline, a decline which proved fatal—bereft of every earthly happiness, she looked up to that heaven she had been long preparing for, and in a short time obtained dismissal from a world, from which she had been weaned by trouble, and the unkind neglect of a husband she had loved but too well.

Mr. Freeman put on the outward “trappings and the suits of woe”—but wanted “that within,” which goes beyond every external appearance.

Pomp and parade, indeed, attended her remains

to the silent tomb; but these were not accompanied with the husband's tear. The monument was raised on which his sorrows were recorded, but, cold and senseless, as the marble which received that record, his heart was a stranger to those feelings that dignify the husband, the father, and the man.

As the family of his late consort were rich and powerful, Mr. Freeman checked his libertine pursuits for a time; but the strength of habit soon overcame the dictates of prudence, and again he listened to the powerful calls of vice and dissipation.

A few months after Mrs. Freeman's death, he informed his friend Easton that he would introduce him to a young creature, lovely as imagination could form. He owned that the connexion between them, being only that of sentiment, became rather troublesome; that she had denied him the most distant favour, and, in tears, regretted her ever giving way to a hopeless passion which had driven her from home, and subjected her to dangers of every kind.

"I first saw," he continued, "this foolish girl at the neighbouring convent—Her beauty charmed me; I gained her attention, and held many conversations at the grate, in the course of which she informed me that, disappointed in a love affair, and

to avoid a forced marriage, she had fled from her guardian, and sought refuge in the convent.

“ I need not tell you, Easton, how love-sick girls are wrought upon. I found more sensibility than prudence—her sorrows subsided as I artfully dropped an answering tear, accompanied with a well-feigned emotion. I used every means which is common with us fellows of intrigue, and at length gained her consent to suffer me to procure her enlargement, on my promise of protection.

“ Her removal from the convent was, with some difficulty and danger, effected; when, expecting my reward, she wept, said I had deceived her, and thus addressed me:—‘ Cease, Sir, to alarm, with professions of love, a poor young creature that knows not where to fly. Ask me for my friendship and esteem, and honour me with your’s, and I shall be as happy as my fortunes will permit. I wished to cast myself on your protection, from a confidence in your honour—I have done it—betray not then the trust reposed in you. If you take a cruel advantage of my situation, you will at once lose all the respect I now bear you, and render me completely wretched: it is too true I am in your power, but do not, oh! do not abuse that power, by plunging a wretch, already almost lost, into infamy and perdition.’

"I give you her own words, Easton, for you will find her romantic in the extreme, with all the airs of dignity and virtue about her. I endeavoured all I could to compose her spirits, and offered to write home to her guardian; but to this she would not consent, as in such a case her *name* would be exposed. 'If,' said she, 'imputed guilt is to be my portion, let me, with life, lament the effects of my imprudent flight—but there are whom my folly might disgrace, should an unfeeling world cast a stigma upon me.'

"Upon this I left her, fool enough to be somewhat affected, and what she means to do I cannot tell; I had procured her an apartment in a private part of the city, with a servant to attend her; but not finding in me the *father* she expected, I have a strong idea that she means to play me the slip, and steal away without my knowledge, which would prove a disappointment to both of us.

"For, Easton, as you are a fine fellow, and withal somewhat younger than myself, as *I* cannot succeed, I think you might venture a trial upon your own account."

"A friendly proposal," exclaimed Easton; "convey me to the fair one, and what love, gallantry, and fine speeches can effect, depend on."

The agreement made, they proceeded to pay a visit to the unfortunate young lady.

The servant having given in Mr. Freeman's name, they were conducted to her apartment. But oh! heaven! what horror seized the heart of Easton on beholding—*his sister!* He had left her during his travels, which had detained him two years, under the protection of her guardian, a man of sordid ideas, little principle, and still less humanity—but who had cunning sufficient to carry the appearance of every good quality, and, by the deepest dissimulation, had prevailed on the worthy Mr. Easton, the gentleman who had given these unhappy children his name and fortune, in his last moments to submit to him the management of the estate bequeathed them till the youth became of age, and his sister was disposed of in marriage.

How he had performed the will of his dying friend, respecting the young lady, the reader has, in part, been made acquainted with—it remains only to say, that, by his forbidding the addresses of Mr. Harcourt, a young soldier, whose heart was as honourable as his profession, and who sincerely loved her, and encouraging the hopes of a wretch, worn out with infirmities and a diseased mind, he forced the unhappy Julia to determine on flight. Her Harcourt had been called to the field, where, by protecting

his country at the hazard of his life, it was not then in his power to defend her he held dearer than his own existence.

For a time, overcome with mutual astonishment, they both remained silent! At length Easton, relieved by tears, embraced the sister of his heart, exclaiming, "And have bad principles and bad men brought me to the brink of such perdition? But heaven is just, and at the same moment converts my erring heart, and restores me to an almost-lost sister, whom my future care and affection shall protect from every snare of deep-laid villany."

Then turning to the confounded and abashed Freeman, "As for you, be warned by this interposition of Providence in favour of your undeserving friend. Your years and your principles do not correspond. I *had* a father, gay and volatile like yourself, whose wretched story I have heard, but whose guilt has divided his children and him—perhaps—for ever! Mournful, no doubt, has been his existence; and, if no more, miserable his end. But wherever he may wander, if yet alive, oh! my sister! would not you rejoice with me in comforting his suffering heart, and in return, receive the blessing of our nameless and interdicted parent?"

Hearing, with trembling limbs, this passionate

address, Mr. Freeman exclaims, "Who, who was your father?"

"Oh!" returned Easton, "he has lost his name in his crimes, which drove him from his family and country—an outlawed murderer!"

For the first time, powerful conviction rushed on the heart of Freeman! "Oh!" he exclaimed, "be more explicit! surely my children are now before me—nor fear nor *fate* shall longer hide my name—'Tis *Alton*, the miserable *Alton*, casts his wretched load of existence before you!"—They both ran towards him, and owning an interposing providence with tears of joy and gratitude, raised their *long-lost parent!* who at once reclaimed, at once thankful to mysterious heaven, embraced *his children!*

Alton and his children took shipping for England. An honourable peace soon brought home to love and fortune the generous Harcourt, who was at length united to his faithful Julia.

During their absence, the old guardian had paid the debt of nature, and, struck with a check of conscience, he not only left the whole estate of the late Mr. Easton, *unimpaired*, to the brother and sister, but added thereto a large portion of his own. Application was made to an earthly throne for mer-

cy to the repentant father; it was extended towards him, and being now a sincere penitent, it is to be wished and hoped that he may experience the same mercy from a still higher power.

THE NOBLE SPANIARD.

DONNA Elvira's wealth, youth, and exquisite beauty, attracted the regard of all the young nobility in Madrid. But the endowments of *fortune* fell short of the gifts of nature: her *person* was graced with its most attractive ornaments, and her *mind*, with those perfections which are nameless and invaluable.

Don Carlos, whose sentiments were as exalted, as his birth was noble, obtained her heart, and the union of the illustrious pair was solemnized with great magnificence.

Nothing could exceed their mutual happiness. Year after year rolled on, and as time advanced, blessings accumulated: at length affairs of national consequence required the absence of Carlos, who now filled up three characters with equal honour, a *husband*, a *father*, and a *patriot*.

Nor was the heart of Elvira less impressed with the love of its country, than that of her noble partner's. She yielded to the necessity of parting, but not without a tear, and prayers for his speedy return.

During the absence of her lord, Elvira wandered not beyond the confines of the castle. She divided her time between music, reading, and attention to an infant family, whose engaging society acted as a charm upon her soul, as it dwelt, with fond regret, on the object of its dearest affections.

Don Carlos harboured no sentiments which were not as enlarged and refined, as his education was liberal and extensive. His figure and address spoke for him wherever he went, proclaimed his noble birth, and commanded respect and attention.

No wonder, therefore, that in the English court, illumined with stars of equal lustre, Don Carlos should rank as a distinguished favourite.

In life's alluring outset, health tints the cheek, fond hopes fascinate the heart; yet to learn, what those more advanced in its perplexing, dangerous, and unequal road, have experienced; that, disappointments various, as fatal, are sure to dash with shade the most flattering visions, which play before

the young in years, in endless and glittering perspective.

Gay and unlectured hope, in league with resolves for futurity, bids the mind exult in self-approbation. Books and men in vain present examples, to check the wandering of those, preparing for this eventful journey, intricate in its course and uncertain in its period.—But “to wish as duteous sons, our *fathers* were more wise,” is ever to be set down to the complicated account of human errors.

Amongst the favourites of the British court, none was more distinguished than the gallant and accomplished Seymour, his insinuating manner won upon the unsuspecting Spaniard, who became his intimate, and entered into all his parties. But the actions of Seymour could not *all* bear the light; it was his to wound domestic repose; but fortune, birth, and situation, placed him above inquiry and punishment.

Don Carlos, considering Seymour as a very different character, exulted in his acquisition. Seymour's knowledge of the characters which formed the British court, rendered his society interesting: his remarks on their respective foibles, his marked censures too on their vices, made him appear to the deluded Carlos, as the paragon of virtue and of wisdom.

Carlos having transacted the business which called him from his native home and dearest connexions, prepared for a return to domestic repose and felicity. Seymour proposed to accompany him part of the way, on condition that he would remain a few weeks at Seymour-Place, about an hundred miles removed from the great city, and which Don Carlos was obliged to pass on the road to all he held valuable in the world.

In this alluring retreat, the generous Spaniard remained for several weeks the guest of Seymour, who summoned invention, from all its quarters, to fill up the laughing hours. At length Carlos determined to quit the scenes of revelling and dissipation, which had detained him but too long from those of a very different description.

It was his ill fortune, however, to be detained, by a severe fit of illness, which confined him to his room for some months. The physician attributed his complaint to change of climate; but, at the same time, hinted, that the convivial board had been his greatest enemy. This hint worked upon his mind, and rendered him unhappy: he considered that imprudences, foreign to his disposition, had been productive of consequences doubly afflicting, as they prevented his return to a family, who, by

this time, were expecting soon to behold the father and the husband !

A returning and fine spring, with healing on its wings, restored the long-drooping and disappointed Carlos, who now again prepared for his departure.

The week preceding that in which he was to quit an abode which had proved so fatal to his health, business of an urgent nature occasioned Seymour's absence from home, and for which he apologized to Don Carlos, who by the advice of his physician took frequent rides about the beautiful country which surrounded Seymour-Place.

In one of these excursions, he quitted the high road and turned down a rural unfrequented lane, whose mazy windings were rendered still more picturesque, as the golden rays of a setting sun, darted through the rich foliage on either side of this enchanting labyrinth of uncultivated and luxuriant nature.

The enchanting scenery which presented itself at every turn, deeply engaged the attention of Don Carlos, and he pursued his way until he arrived at an elegant and sequestered cottage, surrounded by a beautiful plantation of trees of various growths and characters : but what still more forcibly attracted his notice, was a lovely female infant in tears over a

small heap of wild flowers, with which it had covered a dead bird, and which it had plucked from among the long grass, just ready for the scythe of the mower.

While Carlos was contemplating the child and its departed bird, a lady appeared in view, whose wan aspect and drooping frame bespoke that sorrow of the soul which yields to no earthly remedy.

The noble Spaniard beheld her, as every son of true sentiment would have beheld so interesting an object; with tenderness and solicitude. He advanced with that respect which secured confidence; the dejected fair one raised her head, and, with a faint smile, and half smothered sigh, said, "Your attention, sir, to that dear infant, is a proof of yourself being a father: but, alas! it is not every father who regards his child! Don Carlos bowed, expressed his admiration of a spot so rich in every rural attraction, requested leave to wander over its boundaries, adding, "and let my little charmer here be my guide,"

The lady smiled consent, and the child, who had got possession of his whip, with which she was much delighted, soon led him over a small garden which seemed laid out for contemplation.

On their return to the cottage, Don Carlos was

prevailed on to enter, and partake of some refreshment. When he had taken his seat, the lady thus addressed him, " You appear surpris'd, sir, and I must confess with some reason, on my shewing so much attention to a stranger. I have taken the liberty to order a servant to take charge of your horse, in the fond hope, that, when you have heard my reasons for entreating you to remain here till midnight, I shall not be denied. But, indeed, this is not a moment for explanation. Have you a heart to defend insulted virtue?—I know you have—your appearance, your manner proclaim you noble; and to this lone abode you have been guided by heaven. Night is advancing, we may be seen by those who will render my endeavours abortive, suffer me, therefore, to lead you to an apartment adjoining that, where (but for your prevention,) innocence will fall a sacrifice to brutal violence.

Don Carlos, too generous to suffer little suspicions to sway his mind, followed his guide to the apartment she mentioned; where he was left to the important task he promised to perform or perish.

He had not remained long on his post, before he heard the following words, " In vain you express a wish to be left alone: I only obey my orders in remaining here to prevent your committing an act of rashness, which would plunge the man who adores

you into the depth of misery." This speech was answered with a deep sigh, and all remained wrapped in silence and darkness!

The hour of midnight was at length announced by the distant clock, in a few minutes the sound of advancing feet were heard in the passage: when Don Carlos rushed forward with his drawn sword, and presented its point to the breast of—Seymour!

The defender of the fair unknown, suffered not his astonishment to throw him off his guard: a rigid sense of honour determined him on defending to the utmost the object he had promised to protect.—Seymour fullenly exclaimed, "perfidious and ungrateful," then, drawing in return, a contest ensued, in which Carlos wounded his antagonist.

The clashing of weapons alarmed the servants, who bore their master away, while shrieks, loud and piercing, issued from the apartment of his intended victim.

Carlos hastened to her aid, and found her pale and motionless. A female servant now entered the room, who said she had been sent by her lady. The object of their attention was raised from the ground, and seated on the chair from whence she had fallen.

Reviving, she looked on her deliverer, gave another shriek, and again was lost to sense or motion.

The lights which had been placed at a distance being set more forward, gave Carlos an opportunity of viewing the object before him; but, what powers of speech can paint his surprise and anguish, when in that object he beheld—Elvira!

On quitting Madrid, the noble Spaniard, as he too fondly imagined, took leave of a valuable friend in the person of Don Alphonso.—Alas! Alphonso, like Seymour, was unworthy of mixing with the truly honourable.

Alphonso conceiving a passion for Elvira, employed agents, who discovered that her lord, had long completed the business for which he had left Spain. On this hint a letter from a FRIEND UNKNOWN, was soon fabricated, which informed her that her lord was revelling away his days and nights at the mansion of the dissipated Seymour, and that he had attached himself to an artful and abandoned woman, with whom he remained in dishonourable dalliance.

Fortunately, the arts of Alphonso produced a different effect than he intended; sentiments of jealousy and revenge were strangers to the gentle bosom of Elvira.

Unwilling to believe reports against the honour of her lord, and yet alarmed for his health and safety, she determined to visit England. With only two attendants to accompany her, she put her resolve in execution, and had fixed her abode at a farmhouse, near Seymour-Place. The farmer and his wife were very communicative, but Elvira suspected not they were the creatures of Seymour. From her questions, they gathered that she had some interest in making them, and the morning after her arrival at their dwelling, Elvira was seen at her chamber window by the man whose character had been the subject of her inquiry.

Seymour was enraptured with her beauty. The *worthy pair* of the *rural* mansion, were handsomely rewarded for their early intelligence, and before the sun had half performed his journey for that day, she was seized upon while walking in a small enclosure near the house of her betrayers, by three of Seymour's domestics, who prevented her cries, and bore her away to the cottage, where Carlos had the good fortune to defend her honour, and preserve his own in the manner already related.

The alarm Elvira had experienced bore hard upon her spirits, Carlos quitted the chamber while she was conveyed to bed, after which he returned, and passed the night in watching her disturbed slumbers.

On the return of day, she was so far restored, as to know her lord; and a mutual explanation took place between the injured and insulted pair.

Still were they apprehensive of further alarm, for inquiry had been made of a servant, who said the wound Seymour had received was very slight: with reason, therefore, Carlos imagined he was in some danger, and that Elvira might still be forced from him.

As it proved, his apprehensions were ill-founded, and his resentment soon gave place to pity. A messenger from Seymour, delivered his lord's wishes, which were to see the man he had so deeply wronged, and to implore forgiveness.

On entering the apartment, the first object he beheld, was the lady whose entreaties had led him to the preservation of his loved Elvira. "My heart is too full," exclaimed Carlos, "to thank you as I ought; you have heard, no doubt, who I am, and what strong reason I have to think on your own words, TO THIS LONE ABODE YOU HAVE BEEN GUIDED BY HEAVEN.

The lady made no reply, but led the generous Carlos to the bed where Seymour lay pale with loss of blood. On his friends approach, the wounded

man made an effort to raise himself, but was prevented by the pitying and forgiving Spaniard, whose hand he grasped, endeavoured to speak, but utterance was choked by excessive feeling.

At length, he thus expressed his deep sense of the wrong he had meditated. "Don Carlos, I have learned from this best and most injured of women that you have protected the honour of a wife,—a title my Sophia has a just claim to, and to render justice to the greatly wronged, heaven has preserved me.

"If you can pronounce my forgiveness, I shall endeavour to prove myself worthy of your lenity: but, if in obedience to rigid justice, you refuse the pardon I solicit, I shall not long survive an event that has reduced me to the bitterness of self-condemnation."

Don Carlos replied, "Be still my friend, and what has passed shall no longer be remembered in anger." "Then," rejoined Seymour, "I shall yet live for my beloved and greatly-wronged Sophia. Too long has she mourned a situation, to which an unsuspecting and affectionate heart reduced her; too long pined in secret; conscious of the undeserved neglect of the unprincipled and ungrateful Seymour."

On his recovery he ratified his promise at the sacred altar; and Don Carlos and Elvira after remaining a few weeks at Seymour-Place, returned to their native city.

By his attention and affection towards Sophia, Seymour fully atoned for former errors. The poor for miles around him, blessed his benevolence, and he lived a worthy member of the great world, to which he set a noble example. Sophia paid the debt of nature before him; but Seymour, full of years, soon followed her to the land of silence, leaving an only son, lord of his extensive domains.

THE *MAN OF DISSIPATION.*

PASSING through the delightful village of--- Mr. Stanmore, whose gay equipage, and splendid retinue, attracted the notice and wonder of its inhabitants, beheld at the window of the elegant and retired cottage of her father, the lovely Arabella Newton.

He had not proceeded far from that mansion of

innocence and tranquillity, before his carriage, passing too near a small declivity, was overturned.

Mr. Newton was by birth and manners a gentleman; his unmerited misfortunes had reduced him to exchange an abode of splendour, where parade and etiquette, destroyed every comfort, for one which necessity had indeed provided, but which peace had crowned with the richest blessings: here no child of distress applied in vain; the garden gate of the *grove-house* was often opened by objects trembling with sickness and biting penury, but never was it known to have been shut against them, until medicine, food, advice, and counsel, had relieved, if not restored.

Mr. Stanmore remained unhurt, and the injury his carriage received was easily to be rectified by a wheel-wright, who resided about three miles distant. But night was coming on, and at Mr. Newton's earnest request, it was passed in the abode of cheerfulness, and hospitality.

Stanmore was in the full possession of every art to win upon the attention of the softer sex; Arabella had long been marked for his victim, and his servants, in giving the appearance of accident to the concerted plan of their employer, had done no more than obey orders.

Musick had ever been the delight and solace of Mr. Newton, who had spared no expence in rendering his daughter a proficient in his favourite science: indeed his fondness for Arabella had induced him to provide the first masters in every shewy accomplishment, and by *great good luck*, who should call in upon his return home, but Mr. Symphony, the composer,

The unsuspecting father congratulated himself upon so pleasing a circumstance; his guest was remarkably attached to what he termed the *science of the soul*. A neighbour was summoned to the party, and it was not till a late hour that it broke up.

The neighbour, a friend of Symphony's, returned home, and Mr. Newton retired to rest, leaving his devoted child to study a new air, in which her master had been remarkably happy, and which Stanmore was so deeply enraptured with, that he promised Mr. Newton to prolong his stay for a day or two, if he would permit the young lady to perfect herself in it before she retired to her chamber.

The deluded parent was too easily prevailed upon, having no suspicion that the convenient, the bribed Symphony was soon to discover that the day's fatigue demanded repose.

Symphony performed his part, agreeable to directions, and, by the mutual consent of Arabella, and her admirer, they were at length left alone, to repeat words and breathe sounds, adapted to the purposes of the pitiless seducer, who proved but too successful : and Miss Newton, in the loss of innocence, and the desertion of the perfidious Stanmore, who left her, never to repeat his vows, fell a sacrifice to shame, sorrow, and remorse, but not before she had received her parent's forgiveness, who did not long survive the loss of his dishonoured child.

It has been observed by strict moralists, who have watched, with marking and reflecting minds, the various ways by which insulted justice pursues those who violate its laws, and who, in many a terrible example, have been convinced of heaven's power to punish, that "evil deeds will rancle in the bosom of guilt."

Our libertine, pondering on the mournful effects which a short year had produced, became uneasy under the impressions of retrospect.

To the protection of her father, Arabella had assigned a lovely female infant. Determined on acting the part of a parent, Stanmore repaired to the dwelling of its nurse : Mrs Northcote could only

inform him that, by the side of its mother, the child slept in peace.

Restless, oppressed by remorse, and execrating himself, the unhappy Stanmore left his country, and endeavoured, by travel and change of place, to beguile reflection.

Time, at length, seared over the wound it refused to cure; and those passions which he never endeavoured to check, he still continued to gratify.

In the winter his town residence was open to a constant round of visitants, and during the summer months, the sports of the country kept away from his mansion the extreme bitterness of reflection; which nevertheless sometimes waked him to its poignant stings, in the season of silence and darkness, and then he put to himself the important question; "When all my expedients to stifle thought are rendered abortive, *how shall I weather an eternal night?*"

Many years passed on without any circumstances arising material to this relation.

Mr. Stanmore had flown to dissipation to *steal him from himself*, and in consequence he became emaci-

ated, and afflicted with complaints such conduct is sure to produce.

At this period, coming to the possession of a large estate—changed his family name and took that of Matthews. But, alas! wealth soothed not mental anguish, which now threatened a speedy dissolution, and his terrified imagination armed it with all its terrors. Fear of death—not fondness for life, induced the wretched man to pursue with rigid exactitude the means to restore his health, and in a great measure it was at length re-established.

His illness produced a change in his way of thinking: far removed from scenes of former dissipation, they now only floated on his memory as the visions of a perplexing dream.

He had resided ten years in the peaceful and secluded mansion of Mrs. Marshall and her daughter. Mrs. Marshall's fond attention led him to regard her with affection; and before the year had seen its last day, they were married.

In the company of his wife and his daughter, he experienced as much of tranquillity as his heart could possibly admit of, but its peace was never to be thoroughly restored. His lady beheld with grief, the effect of mental ailment; but as her husband had never explained its real cause, she had too high a

sense of her own duty not to wait his time for declaring it.

Miss Marshall had for some months received the addresses of Sir Edward Northington, in every respect a pattern to be followed by young gentlemen of fashion, pretension, and family. Sir Edward pursued his suit with ardency. Mr. Matthews and his lady entertained the highest respect for his character; Emily Marshall was above disguise, and an early day was fixed upon for their nuptials.

On the evening preceding that day, a violent storm of thunder and lightning prevented Sir Edward from returning home; for be it known, he was one among the very few who feel for others—one who could not sit with an easy mind, “sheltered from the war of elements,” and view his domestics exposed to their fury, and, shrinking beneath the “pelting of the pitiless storm.”

As the ceremony was to be performed in the morning, it was proposed to assemble at an early hour in the breakfast parlour. When the clock struck eight Sir Edward arose, but before he had finished dressing, he was alarmed by a noise upon the stairs, succeeded by an exclamation from Mrs. Matthews, “Oh! he’s killed! he’s killed.” Sir Edward rushed from his room to learn the cause of her terrors, when

passing the door of Emily's apartment; a piercing and convulsive shriek from that young lady increased his distress:—he did not hesitate a moment, but flew to her bed-side, and beheld her pale and motionless.

In a few minutes Mrs. Matthews entered the room, her daughter began to revive, Sir Edward said coolly, "You'll take care of Miss Marshall," and then retired abruptly.

It remains to explain the cause of the late alarm. Mr. Matthews, who was an early riser, had quitted his chamber in order to take a turn in the garden before breakfast, and as he reached the lower landing-place, his foot slipped, and he fell to the bottom. Fortunately he received no hurt, and Emily, and Mrs. Matthews soon joined him in the breakfast-parlour.

Sir Edward sent an excuse by his gentleman; the family sat down without him, but Emily presently burst into tears, and retired to her chamber.

When the clergyman arrived, Sir Edward expressed a wish to have some conversation alone with Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, who had observed with much anxiety a reservedness in his manner towards themselves, and a most chilling indifference, not to say

more, towards the amiable young creature, who was deeply affected at the altered countenance and conduct of the man, who was so soon to become her lord and husband.

When they were alone, Sir Edward thus addressed the old gentleman and lady, who sat in trembling expectation.

“ I perceive your anxiety—I pity your distress—I thought to have called an angel mine—I have lost all that I could have held dear—and the intended union of this day can never take place.”

Mr. Matthews remained silent for a time; his lady was dissolved in tears; at length the former, with great dignity, rose from his seat, and advanced to Sir Edward, saying,—“ It is well, sir! I cannot, will not suspect my child—explain this painful mystery, and while I listen to your words, remember,—I can resent an insult, if you presume to offer one.”

“ It is I,” rejoined Sir Edward, “ who have been insulted, and most cruelly deceived.”—“ By whom, sir?”—“ By your daughter.”—“ My daughter is a stranger to artifice, and I am happy your daring imputation has saved her from destruction.”

Mrs. Matthews requested the gentlemen to be calm; saying, "Answer me, Sir Edward, and let it be without reserve. Are you not at this moment under the influence of jealousy—do not you suspect the honour of our child?"—Mr. Matthews reddened, and rose to quit the room—"Do not! oh! do not, sir, retire. I have, it is true, a task to perform, a secret to unfold, which I could have wished to have kept forever to myself—hear me then while I break a vow made to the departed; and, strange as it may yet seem, my duty demands it from me.—Saw you not this morning, resting on the pure bosom you have so lately pained by your cutting reserve, a miniature picture of a young gentleman. Alas! sir, most probably, the original is now mouldering in his grave; or if living, living but to remorse and anguish for his perfidy towards the mother of that child, who now wears the semblance of her erring father!

"Mr. Newton was the friend of all! Benevolence lessened his fortune, and untoward circumstances impaired it. A lovely daughter remained his only consolation. The man she loved betrayed her, and when she fell a sacrifice to imprudence, and a broken heart, she left behind her the offspring of unhallowed affection! The father soon followed his deluded child, and at the side of his death bed, thus expressed his last wishes,—“My daughter

has paid the forfeit of her error, in her deep sorrow and untimely death: you, Mrs. Marshall, mourn the loss of an only child; can I bear to think that the fruit of misplaced love, may yet be claimed by its unfeeling father, and reared up, perhaps, to vice and infamy? I have ever held deceit in abhorrence; yet, madam, I call upon you at this awful moment, and with an approving conscience, call upon you to practise it. See speedily the nurse; pay her the hundred pounds mentioned in my will: take to yourself (with the remainder of my fortune) the unoffending innocent; and if the father *should* demand it, let her say, *by the side of its mother the child sleeps in peace!*

“ I have a small mansion, far removed from a spot which cannot, now, have any attractions for you. There I could wish you to reside; and there, as you delight in doing good, objects for your benevolence will not be wanting. Take this picture, for I *must* fulfil the *last* request of my daughter.—Her infant is to wear it till death; and when she grows up to reason, tell her it is the semblance of her parent: tell her her own story;—and, love her as the child of your heart. He added but “*farewel,*” and expired.

“ How I have obeyed his injunctions, is known to myself and heaven, where I look up in confidence;

and the only mortification I now feel, arises from the necessity of owning that Emily is not my own child ; but still I glory, I rejoice in saying, she is the child of my bosom, and the comfort of my declining age."

" Dearest, best of women, exclaimed the agitated Stanmore, destined by heaven to be my friend, my preserver, and in a *two fold* sense the mother of my child. The *erring father* is not *mouldering in his grave* ; no, he lives to embrace that child ; for learn, you have taken to your heart the once wretched Stanmore ; but he has wept in secret anguish for his errors, therefore, do not cast him from it—let your tenderness and love still prove a balm to his wounded soul, for if you renounce him, his punishment is indeed complete." Mrs. Stanmore pressed with eagerness to her bosom the dear, the repentant master of it.

This scene was too much for Sir Edward to support ; he wept—he knelt down, and implored their mutual blessing ! then hastened to the dear object of his steadfast love, and led her to her father, who, on that happy day, saw his child united, to the *best of husbands*, and the *best of men*.

LAVINIA AND WILLIAM.

NEAR the ancient town of Kingston upon Thames, in a rural cottage, which adorned the verdant bank whereon it stood, lived the venerable Wilton, and his only child Lavinia.

The dashing oar was frequently suspended by the passenger, on his watery way, as the gentle maiden sung to the lute of the youthful William, by whom she was adored, and to whom she was soon to be united.

The plantation which surrounded the dwelling, was rural, and romantic; the hand of art never traced its equal on the canvass, for picturesque simplicity; which went beyond the happiest efforts of even a Morland, a Corbould, or a Ward; names which grace the list of British artists:—Names ever to be held dear in the estimation of every lover of true genius; but, “Who can paint like nature?”

Lavinia Wilton had never swerved from filial duty to a parent whose affection was worthy only of such a daughter: ever had his attentive child looked

up to him as her best guide; his dictates were the law of her heart; they were those of virtue, and congenial to its feelings.

The most worthy have their errors; and Mr. Wilson was not without those failings, which fall to the lot of humanity, while on its journey along the road of life, at the best, chequered and eventful; where the traveller remains uncertain, in which of its stages, the terminating line may be thrown across his path; or where he may hear the command, which every traveller must submit to—**PROCEED NO FARTHER.**

A dispute had long subsisted between Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Hardinge, his neighbour, concerning the division of certain lands; their disagreement was productive of a suit at law, which terminated in favour of Hardinge, whose only son, had, from infancy to youth, nourished a love, at once ardent and immoveable, for the equally true and deserving Lavinia.

On his death-bed, the venerable Hardinge blessed Lavinia and William, and in deep regret, that his old neighbour and his earliest friend, should nourish resentment so far, as to refuse him a last farewell, expired! The youth and maiden remained for a

time, weeping over his pale remains, and watered his cold forehead with their mutual tears.

Mr. Wilfon having discovered the worthy William in conversation with Lavinia, expressed his dislike of the young man in very strong terms: "Tell not me," said he, "of former days; tell not me of infant partiality; you act unlike my daughter, and unlike yourself in giving him the least encouragement; and for the first time I lay a *command* upon you,—SEE HIM NO MORE."

Lavinia trembled as he uttered *See him no more*; and falling on her knees before him, exclaimed,—
"Alas! my father, your command is pronounced too late—WE ARE MARRIED." "Married!" repeated Mr. Wilfon, "unworthy child!"

Lavinia still kneeling and dissolved in tears, continued, "Oh! sir, pity an unhappy offender! indeed my William reveres you as I do: and his poor lost father, employed his latest moments in prayers to heaven for your welfare.

Her father bade her rise, and depart from his presence, adding, "it remains with me to consider if *for ever*. At all events I strictly enjoin you to go to your husband, nor again enter my doors till you are sent for."

At the end of ten months, Hardinge became the father of a lovely boy. He now ventured to wait on Mr. Wilson, who refused to see him. With a heavy heart he returned home to comfort his Lavinia, with the distant hope, that their parent might in time relent, and own them as his children.

Incidents, trivial in themselves, are often productive of unlooked for joy or sorrow. On a remarkable fine summer's evening, Mr. Wilson was returning from his usual walk, when crossing the church-yard, he met—the funeral train of an unhappy young woman who had fallen a victim to mental affliction.

Peggy Osborne, a few weeks back, was on the eve of being married to the eldest son of farmer Johnstone, when an unexpected and very large fortune coming to him on the death of a distant relation; he renounced, in a manner indelicate as cruel, the maiden, who, by poison, terminated her unhappy existence.

The mournful object, and still more the melancholy tale, affected the heart-stricken Wilson; quitting the church-yard, his steps were directed to the house of his son and daughter, which he had long carefully avoided. The door was open—as if to invite him in;—he entered unobserved, and hearing the little

murmurs of his grandson sinking to repose, hushed by the lullaby of its best nurse, he entered the apartment, and, regardless of any near him, his daughter beheld with rapture and surprise, her relenting parent kneeling by the cradle's side, imploring blessings on her now sleeping infant.

Two of her neighbours were present, who were witnesses to her extreme joy. Lavinia embraced her father, who exclaimed, "May Lavinia and her William be for ever blessed!"

William, who had seen his father enter the house, was now on his knees before him.—"Rise my boy, my generous boy," exclaimed Mr. Wilson, "my heart has been touched by the cruelty of Johnstone, and the fate of his victim bears hard upon it!

"You, my children, have been true to each other, and long may you live in the enjoyment of serenity and peace. When *dust to dust* was pronounced over the early grave of the daughter of the afflicted Osborne, I went, my William, as it were instinctively to your poor father's tomb, dropped a tear over it, and then, under the severe impressions of self-reproach, I hastened hither to perform the duty of a father.

LAURA AND THE TULIP.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1781.

Addressed to a very Young Lady.

FAIR rose the morn in lovely May,
When Laura took her careless way
Amid the blooming flowers;
Too young, too innocent, to sigh!
Her infant state pass'd gaily by,
Ah! happy! happy hours!

In streaks of variegated hue,
A gaudy Tulip rose to view:
A fairer ne'er was seen:
The smiling girl, with glad surprise,
Beheld the flower, she planted, rise!
And hail'd it beauty's queen.

At eve, retiring soon to rest,
With pleasure beating at her breast,
She heard a voice complain!
Which murmur'd forth, "Fair Laura, hear:
"Thy Tulip mourns, ah! do not fear
"Its inoffensive strain."

To grace her chamber window nigh,
Selected flow'rets caught her eye,

Convey'd from nature's bed:
She view'd her favourite Tulip there,
So late the object of her care,
Suspend its lovely head.

While thus it said, or seem'd to say:

" See how each beauty fades away,

" No more to please the eye!

" Returning day shall view me dead,

" Where many a careless foot may tread,

" And crush me where I lie!

" While flow'rs less beauteous still remain,

" To deck some unfrequented plain,

" And *there* in safety bloom.

" Ah, happy flowers! you live your day,

" Nor droop, till age brings on decay,

" Your native bed, your tomb."

When lo! the guardian of the flower,
Call'd forth by more than mortal power,

In silver robe appears!

She wav'd her wand, and check'd a sigh,

As pointing to the object nigh,

The cause of Laura's tears.

" Sweet child of innocence," she cries,

" Those pearly drops that damp thine eyes,

" Are due to Pity's shrine!

" Sweet child of innocence, attend,

" My dying flower may prove thy friend,
 " Whose fate may picture thine.

—" If from this ill retreat, where now you rove,
 " You quit the shelter of a parent's love;
 " And fly, where pleasure's gaily tempting bowers
 " Lure my sweet maid to waste her youthful hours.
 " If once those paths your erring steps pursue,
 " Where Admiration thy fair form shall view;
 " Flatt'ry, *lost girl!* shall meet thee on thy way,
 " For ever smiling, eager to betray!
 " Her artful glance, and still more artful tale;
 " Shall win thee down the visionary dale,
 " Where!—yielded up, to Admiration's power,
 " You fall!—the victim of a guilty hour.

—" I saw superior charms arise,
 " I knew my flower would beauteous prove:
 " With pain I mark'd admiring eyes,
 " And trembled for the plant I lov'd.
 " Go, Laura! take my ruin'd flower!
 " And place it on thy parent's knee;
 " Tell how it bloom'd, its short liv'd hour!—
 " Tell—what its guardian, said to THEE."

EMMA AND THE FLY.

'Twas cold November! The wind shook to their foundation the time-touched towers of the venerable Ernesto. The hail, driven by the gust, sudden and violent, soon brought to the ground the few remaining leaves which had "lingered beyond their time" on their native branches. The day closed; the storm passed away; and the hours of night were left to stillness and repose.

The morning displayed the lap of nature, whitened by severe frost. The sun sent forth his rays; but, they were pale and powerless! In the full noon, as in the early morn, the earth retained its hardness, and the hedge its silvery badge of winter.

Emma, the beauteous daughter of Ernesto, laid down her favourite Sterne, and advancing towards the window, beheld, crawling up one of its panes, — a feeble, solitary fly.

To her imagination, the dying insect appeared as if contemplating the scene before it, which in a few weeks had experienced so mournful a change.

It seemed as if taking a last survey of the flowerless garden, over which it had been so lately wafted by transparent sails, guided by the breath of gentle zephyrs, at intervals resting on the cup of the lily, or inhaling the sweets of the blushing rose.

Prompted by compassion, the inmate of her pure and unruffled bosom, Emma reached forth her snowy handkerchief, in order to convey it from its present station, to one where salutary and grateful warmth might yet prolong existence.

The perishing fly, mistaking the kind intention of Emma, (if report errs not) thus addressed her.

Ah ! let gentle pity spare me,
I have ne'er done Emma harm;
To the warm hearth quickly bear me,
Of his stinging fell death disarm.

There the fire awhile may cheer me,
Then again I'll frisk and play;
Yet, alas ! I greatly fear me,
I must die at close of day.

Flirting, "careless, gay, and free,"
Late, within thy cultur'd bow'rs;
Full of life, and full of glee,
I beguil'd my summer hours.

Now they're gone! with ev'ry blessing!
Sunny joys can charm no more;
Chilly cold each wing depressing;
Tells me—flying days are o'er.

Pity for a fly distrest,
Touch'd the lovely Emma's breast:
But in vain the fair one spread,
On the hearth, its cambric bed;
In vain each tender effort to restore;
It folds its slender legs—and now—it moves no
more!

As Emma view'd the flutterer breathe its last:
—Image how fleeting youth ebbs out, how fast!—
Pity, in conflict with her fear,
Forc'd an involuntary tear,
That struggled with a conscious sigh,
—Nor let the MORAL with the insect DIE.

*DAMON TO DELIA;**On viewing the first Pledge of mutual Love, building**A CARD HOUSE.*

A SIMILE.

VIEW my love our tender charmer,
Rearing up the paper pile;
Now a thousand fears alarm her,
Flutt'ring, trembling, all the while.

Soon to pretty Polly's thinking,
All her wishes will be crown'd:
—Fate denies!—the fabric sinking,
Spreads a little ruin round.

Thus fond man, himself deluding,
Building fancied joys on high;
Lo! some sudden care intruding,
All his airy prospects die.

Lighter than the wat'ry bubble,
Are the transports earth can give;
Mix'd with sorrow, pain, and trouble,
Ever rising while we live.

ANSELMO.

WINDING along a woody dale, Anselmo proceeded, heedless for a time of the path before him.

At length it became intricate, gloomy, and uneven; and he was compelled to alight to explore, his way, which lay through an entangled labyrinth. The steed instinctively followed his master.

Anselmo had not proceeded far, before he came to a rude monument, near which an aged hermit, with folded arms, and pensive aspect, was sitting beneath the shade of a spreading cypress.

Anselmo approached with that respectful demeanour, which is due to age. The full of years regard with complacency the respectful attentions of youth, and the truly noble will never withhold the old man's due.

"Whoever you are," said the hermit, "I am not so lost in my heart's grief, as to withhold that welcome which your courteous appearance demands. If under my humble roof you can take a night's repose, accept an invitation to the hermit's cottage."

Anselmo arose with the sun ; but the hermit soon joined him ; and, till summoned to breakfast, they employed themselves in wandering about the grounds, which at every turn presented the most captivating scenery.

The table was spread in a summer house, which standing on a rising ground, commanded a very extensive prospect.

When they were seated, Anselmo expressed surprise, that his host should prefer his hermitage to the comfortable mansion which presented its white front in the valley below. " My daughter," replied the hermit, " will soon join us, and then I will answer you. My sorrows are not imaginary. I indulge no artificial griefs. The sigh will not cease to rise, nor will the tear be dried up, till death consigns me to the dark chamber of the silent grave."

A lady now entered, to whom the hermit presented his guest: her form was graceful and her countenance pleasing; she appeared dejected; and it was evident that care had banished the roses from her cheeks;—still she was interesting.

The morning's refreshment over, Anselmo reminded the hermit of his promise; " Let me then," said he, " entreat the absence of my

child, my daughter: she knows too well her father's wretched story, which includes her own!" Leonora arose, at the desire of her father, cast a mournful look towards him, bowed her head, and retired.

The hermit began—"Born to a princely fortune, early in life myself and a twin brother had to regret the loss of our parents. My brother having been educated for the church, very soon graced a dignified station; and entering upon his holy office, with a due sense of its duties, proved a meek and pious servant to his God, and a blessing to his fellow creatures.

Having long cherished an affection for the lovely Ellen, I obtained her father's consent to our union, and many revolving years beheld me happy.

"My little Edward's amiable disposition won upon every heart; he had not numbered his twentieth year when he became enamoured with the charms of Leonora, the beautiful sister of Sir Humphrey Cecil, who possessed a mind, gloomy, vindictive, and embittered against my son, for no other cause, than being defeated by him on a public occasion in a trial of strength.

"Sir Humphry soon discovered the mutual love which existed, in all its purity, between Leonora and

my hapless child, and exulted in the power he had over his sister, as it so well answered the purpose of a meditated revenge.

“ One fatal evening the lovers were surprised by ruffians: a few weeks before they had been united by the most solemn ties; this was to have been their last stolen interview; apartments in my castle were provided for their reception, on the following day; which was fixed on for a public celebration of their nuptials.

“ Leonora was conveyed to the mansion of the vindictive Cecil, but my son had an arm of strength, a heart which honoured his father; and two assassins, with whom he was engaged, were soon laid lifeless at the feet of my gallant boy.

“ However just their fate, and although Edward, to preserve his life, was called upon to act in its defence, yet their deaths so deeply affected him as to impair his health.—My brother shared my sorrows, in beholding him sinking to an early grave.

“ The loss of Leonora, whose fate remained unknown, was a grief which he could not support.—To avoid enquiry, it was given out that Sir Humphrey had left the country: but we had every reason

to imagine he only lay concealed for a time, and that his sister was still in Cecil castle.

" After lingering eighteen months, he besought my brother to accompany him to the sacred altar. With a feeble step and emaciated frame, he proceeded to the temple of his God ; my brother, consistent with his holy office, attended, while the dying youth addressed the Supreme Being, in terms at once contrite, awful, and affecting.

" They were just retiring, when Sir Humphrey, and three followers, rushed from their concealment : my poor brother, kneeling, besought mercy ; the tyrant spurned him to the ground, and instantly plunged his dagger into the breast of my son, (too weak for resistance) saying, ' Thus, in the blood of my enemy, I empurple the instrument of vengeance.' The sanguinary wretch made a precipitate retreat ; but heaven, too just to permit his escape, prevented it.

" The time employed in settling some necessary concerns, though short, was yet sufficient, for a discovery of the horrid deed. The officers of justice beset his castle, and, finding no means of escape, he closed a life of wrong and violence, by throwing himself over the battlements,

“ Leonora, who had, as suspected, been confined in Cecil castle, became the object of my tenderest attention. On the death of my brother, I left the residence of my fathers, and retired to this spot.— My daughter endeavours, by every means in her power, to amuse my mind, but, alas! her own stands equally in need of a comforter.”

The hermit's tale concluded, a short silence ensued, and in a little time Leonora returned.

Anselmo by turns looked on the hermit and his daughter, and then remained for some minutes absorbed in thought. At length he said, “ Have you not omitted to mention a circumstance which weighs heavy on your heart? Did not this lady, when removed to Cecil castle, mourn the imagined loss of an infant son?”

“ Merciful powers!” exclaimed the hermit, “ what of that child? See my poor trembling Leonora is ready to sink; help me to support her.”— Leonora fainted!

Recovering, she looked wildly round the room, exclaiming, “ where is he! where's my child?” “ Behold him here,” rejoined Anselmo, “ imploring your blessing!”—Recollection and reason re-

turned; Leonora sunk from her chair, and clasped Anselmo to her maternal arms.

Nor was the hermit less enraptured; but he corrected his emotions; and, after a solemn address to the ruler of events, he embraced the son of Leonora, saying, "now is our mourning turned into joy."

Anselmo thus related his own adventures.

"Little did I imagine, that on my way to Willoughby castle, I should thus providentially meet with its honoured owners in an humble cottage: and as little could I suspect, that the monument which attracted my attention, was that of a father!

"About fifty miles distant from these plains, I was brought up, under the care of the ancient Anselmo, who resided in a retired, but elegant mansion. Anselmo lived to himself, and seldom wandered beyond the boundaries of his own estate, which was very extensive. I pursued my studies under the first masters at home, and no expence was spared in finishing my education.

Anselmo's affection for me increased as I grew up, and he has often lamented that he could not, consistent with a vow he had made to those from

whom he had received me, while yet an infant, inform me of my real parent.

It is now about twelve months past, since, at a banquet given by Sir Bertram Woodley, I first beheld and loved his youngest daughter, the gentle, the generous Emmeline.

Unaware of the great distance between us ; I entertained the fond idea that her partiality towards me would justify a declaration of my passion ; and Emmeline, without disguise, listened to my professions, and gave me every hope an ardent lover could wish for.

“ Sir Bertram’s treatment of my declaration and offers, was indeed very different from that of the amiable Emmeline. He heard me with calmness, and then replied, “ presuming youth, is this your return for the esteem I have honoured you with ? But no matter, retire to your original obscurity ; nor again disgrace this mansion with the presence of an ungrateful *unknown*.

“ My love for Emmeline curbed my resentment ; I departed from the presence of her father ; but the words *ungrateful unknown* dwelt upon my mind, and rendered me truly miserable.

“ While I remained under the influence of extreme dispondency, Anselmo was seized with his last illness. The day before he expired, he called me to his bed-side, and thus addressed me.

‘ Nothing, my worthy youth, would have induced me to betray a secret which I promised to carry with me to the grave, but the strong regard I entertain for you, and the assurance I have, that in letting you know who you are, the maiden of your love will be given to your arms.

‘ The name of Anselmo, which I have taken, is an assumed one, for a very large consideration. I received you at the request of Sir Humphrey Cecil, who placed me in this mansion, which is likewise his gift. On my part, I engaged to leave you my whole fortune at my death :—that period is now arrived ; know then, that, Sir Elmer Willoughby, your father, was murdered by Sir Humphrey Cecil, in revenge for his marrying the lady Leonora his sister.

‘ A few weeks after the fatal union, Sir Humphrey employed ruffians to assassinate his brother, while walking with his bride at some distance from his castle. In the attempt upon his life, two of them lost their own ; but during the struggle your mother was borne away to the castle of Sir Hun-

phrey, where she was kept confined to her chamber. During that confinement, you was born. The day after your birth, your mother was told, her infant had gone off in convulsions; and before you were a month old you were brought to the mansion of your dying friend.

Your mother yet lives, with the father of her lord at Willoughby castle. Hasten thither, and implore their mutual blessing.

‘ To clear all doubt, on your left arm is the perfect resemblance of a dagger, its point stained with blood; this your mother beheld with terror as she embraced you, before you was forced from her. Take with you another voucher in this picture; it is that of your father. With these proofs of your noble birth, the proud Sir Bertram will no doubt be satisfied, and the lovely Emmeline will no longer be withheld. I grow very faint, say you forgive me, and I shall wait with calmness and resignation my last hour, for which I feel myself better prepared by this confession.’

“ I said every thing in my power to comfort the dying man; assured him of my forgiveness in the strongest terms; and when the last ceremony was performed I hastened to pay my duty where it is most due.”

Willoughby castle again opened its gates to its owners ; Sir Bertram and his Emmeline were soon its welcome guests ; and Sir Edward Willoughby received the object of his affections from the hand of her father, proud of such a noble alliance.

A M E L I A.

AMELIA was left when young in an orphan state, at the interesting age of fifteen. She had been nurtured in the school of Virtue and Religion, and from the unmerited poverty and wretchedness of her parents, who had long and mutually pined on a bed of pain and sickness, it was her severe destiny to form an early acquaintance with adversity.

Her innocence, her engaging manner, and still more her amiable motive, procured her some work from the milliners' shops where she applied. Thus, by industry, she procured the means to supply the many wants of her father, mother, and infant brother ; while by native sense, and genuine worth, she was enabled to cheer the sufferers in their melancholy and lingering journey to "that bourn from whence no traveller returns."

They came at length to its end ; and on the same day were dismissed from afflictions, which for many a painful year they had borne with patience and resignation.

Amelia, by a decent interment, performed the last duty of a child, who had ever studiously obeyed the command, " Honour thy father and thy mother."

The maiden was beautiful ; but she turned from the silver tongue of admiration, and avoided its baneful paths. Notwithstanding the strict propriety of her conduct, she was one day observed in her return from the shop of her employer, by one of those unprincipled libertines who triumph in the ruin of female loveliness.

The modesty of her deportment, and the innocence of her countenance, forbade a rude address. Her admirer approached her respectfully, and offered to see her home.

Not easily repulsed ; an elderly person, who followed at a little distance, came up, rebuked the young gentleman, and took Amelia under his protection.

By unremitting industry, Amelia was enabled to

support herself and her brother, much respected by the people in whose house she lodged, and considered by the neighbours as a discreet worthy young creature.

The produce of her labours soon enabled her to think of quitting the garret which she had hitherto lived in, from motives of œconomy; when a fit of illness confined her to it for three long months, and its consequences reduced her again to indigence.

Recovering slowly; in a melancholy moment, while sitting by the fire, and beguiling her grief by conversing with her little brother Edward, she received a letter written by the person from whose troublesome affluities she had been relieved by the stranger before mentioned.

Her landlady, who came truly under the description of *a motherly good kind of woman*, entering her humble apartment, observed her distress.

Amelia produced the letter: her friend, on finding it contained dishonourable proposals, told the forrowing and insulted Amelia not to be uneasy; that she honoured virtue, and if it was heaven's will to prolong her illness, she hoped she would not be offended in a free offer on her part of the utmost assistance.

Amelia was grateful, and accepted the generous proposal.—In about a week she was able to sit to her needle; and, to increase her satisfaction, she was requested to wait on a lady in Portman-square, who wished to employ her.

Mrs. Smith advised Amelia to take a coach, as she was but yet in a weak state. Arriving at the house, she left her landlady and brother in the coach, and was ushered up stairs by the footman.

On entering the room, she beheld in the person of the gentleman who rose to present her with a chair, her former protector.—The discovery produced a glow of confusion.

Taking her by the hand, he led her to a lady about his own age, saying, “Consider this young woman, my dear sister, as our child. His sister, with a benignant smile, rose and embraced Amelia.

Mr. Sullivan now quitted the room, and returned with Edward and Mrs. Smith. When the party were seated, he requested Amelia to consider herself as in the presence of an affectionate parent, for such she would hereafter find him.

“Know, then,” said he, “that after many years absence from England, I returned, to end my days

with my sister. The young man who insulted you is my own nephew; at that time he had not paid his respects to me; we were, therefore, unknown to each other, when the circumstance which gave you so much alarm happened, and from which I relieved you.

This youth is an orphan, as you are, and depending entirely on my bounty, for which he has to thank an imprudent and dissipated father, now, alas! 'gone to his account.'

Mrs. Smith, on whom I called, since you have received a *second* indignity, has told me your short and affecting history. Your feelings shall no more be wounded, by a sight of the man who has dared to harbour a thought against your purity and honour, except you can be prevailed upon to forgive him; and on a future day return his affections."

For some months Amelia and her brother resided beneath the roof of Mr. Sullivan, who made a noble provision for his favourite, the little Edward.

The nephew, deeply sensible of his misconduct, was, at length, restored to his uncle's esteem, and became a worthy and affectionate husband to the deserving Maria.

PROLOGUE

TO AN ENTERTAINMENT, ENTITLED
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Delivered by Mr. PALMER, at the Lyceum, Strand,

Soon after the Performances closed at his

ROYALTY-THEATRE:

An Event much regretted by the Public, and the numerous
 Friends of that admirable Comedian.

My chequer'd and eventful path to cheer,
 And buoy me up through each eventful year ;
 Still on my road of thorns some flowers I view ;
 Friendship's fair flowers, and fairer never grew !
 Their grateful sweets commission'd to impart
 The thrill of rapture to a grateful heart !
 Supported thus, though hope's fair visions fade,
 And all my Eastern prospects set in shade :
 I shall not droop, but, patient, learn to bear
 The wounds inflicted by the shafts of care !
 My friends assembled here, with joy, I view,
 Whose welcome presence pleasing hopes renew :
 Grateful I bend, and own their gen'rous meed,
 For friends when wanted—are my friends INDEED !

Now health is return'd to the best of all kings,
 Gay pleasure is forming its numerous rings.

To-night, a grand gala at charming Vauxhall,
 Where the goddess is present, and keeps up the ball;
 Where the cit quaffs his glass, talks loud, and looks
 big,

In his new pea-green coat, and his snug Sunday
 wig;

Its curls trimly turn'd in nice regular rows;
 Bepowder'd, bepasted, and tied with a *rose*.—
 The good soul, delighted with all that he sees,
 Stares around on the music, the lights, and the
 trees,

'Till, led to his seat by his dame and Miss Nancy,
 Where *capon*, and *custard*, has tickled *their* fancy;
 His *counter* perplexities all are forgot,
 And plac'd near the *orchestra*—blesses his lot!

Gay Ranelagh next ope's its gates to the throng,
 With temples illumined, with fire-work, and song;
 And the gay masquerade calls *its* vot'ries away,
 Where fancy, enthron'd, bears an absolute sway.

No longer encircled with sighs and with tears,
 The court, re-illum'd, in full splendour appears!
 Where the beauties of England encircle the waist
 With LOYALTY'S ZONE, form'd by fancy and taste!*

* Much to the honour of our fair country women, at this
 time they wore sashes bearing mottos GOD SAVE THE KING,
 &c.

In the midst of such joys, I come charg'd with
 supplies,
 Form'd by whim, and by wit, for your ears and
 your eyes :

And I trust some among you will, ere you depart,
 Find a *something* to touch the fine strings of the heart !

With these—as my hope is to give satisfaction—
 I trust, AS YOU LIKE IT will have its attraction.

THE

MILITARY MORALIST,

*Intended to be placed under an Engraving, executed,
 and shortly to be published, by Mr. Richter, of New-
 port-Street.*

AND have I left the country of my foes,
 Whose fields, war blasted, drench'd in human gore,
 Dead to the season's call, in ruins lie ;
 To view my own with nature's blessings smile ?
 Each rich enclosure, rip'ning, now presents
 Its golden surface to the fostering sun.
 My orchard's loaded branches scent the gale,
 And round my cot ten thousand flowrets bloom,—

As here I sit beneath my favourite tree,
 While active mem'ry ponders o'er the past;
 Methinks, I hear approving conscience say,
 " When Honour prompts, and Justice lifts the
 spear,
 " The soldier's toils are sanctified by Heaven.
 " Within the sacred records is't not said,
 " The *God of battles* stop'd his glorious fun
 " To favour those whom Justice call'd to arms."
 I drew the sword for those whose cause was good,
 Saw, with a soldier's eye, my comrade fall;
 Felt, with a soldier's heart, for those who bled—
 But kept my tear till now!——
 Heaven take my praises for a life preserv'd,
 Devoted now to piety and peace.

PERDITION.

PERDITION spreads its pleasing wiles around,
 To draw the unsuspecting nymph astray:
 Awhile she seems to tread enchanted ground,
 But wanders FAR from virtue's narrow way.
 The visionary charm at length is o'er,
 The sea of black destruction op'ning wide,
 Awhile beholds her trembling on its shore,
 Then, rising, whelms her in its rapid tide.

THE
ADDRESS OF A LOVER

TO THE
PROFILE OF THE ABSENT AND ONLY OBJECT OF
HIS AFFECTIONS.

To Mrs. BEETHAM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1787.

REFLECTED Shade of all my heart holds dear,
True emblem of my fair, far hence remov'd;
The dreary distance fills the starting tear,
Oh! ever valu'd, and for ever lov'd!

But yet, sweet maid, though lands and seas divide,
Still this just shadow brings thee to my view;
The pencil here reflects my only pride,
To ev'ry well known feature strictly true.

With hand unerring, faithful to its art,
The tasteful BEETHAM all *but life* bestows;
Proceed fair artist, and again impart
The charm that soothes the absent lover's woes.

To thy superior skill what praise is due,
Let sister, brother, child, and parent, tell:
The feeling mind is hence reliev'd by you;
Thy imitative pow'rs illume the cell:

Illume the cell where abject mis'ry lies,
 The blameless victim of unfeeling power—
 E'en there, some pictur'd love may check his sighs,
 When nought beside could cheer the pensive hour.

Through ev'ry period of eventful life,
 Still mis'ry's thorns are scatter'd in its way;
 The finer feelings oft assist the strife,
 Our joys encounter, and our peace betray.

Hence shall thy art repel Affliction's tear:
 In painful absence, Comfort's balm impart:
 To ev'ry nice sensation justly dear,
 That love, or friendship, raises in the heart.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY A COUNTRY MANAGER,

ON THE

OPENING OF A NEW THEATRE.

Written immediately after the Recovery of the
 KING.

IT matters not the prompter's being here,
 My lesson's in my heart, then never fear.

At the Stage-door.

Coming forwards.

To watch our trippings, and to set us right,
 Our prompter reigns, the chairman of the night!
 But now his presence can no aid impart;
 Now my best prompter is a grateful heart.

Behind this maiden curtain many a wight,
 Whose hopes and fears, for this important night,
 Now fall, now rise! Stand conning o'er their
 parts,

With trembling knees and palpitating hearts,
 'Tis yours to cheer them, where desert appears,
 To judge of merit, and dispel its fears.
 Reviv'd by Favour's fostering sun you'll find,
 The powers of voice, of action, and of mind
 Improve: and then by emulation fired,
 They'll grace the scene which Shakespeare's self
 inspired.

OPHELIA, warbling to her poet's lay,
 Shall here all hopeless and bewildered stray.
 The gentle JULIET preps her fancied bier,
 Whose solemn dirge, shall meet the pensive ear.
 Here the sweet IMOGEN shall pour her strain,
 In well feign'd sighs of POSTHUMUS complain.
 LORENZO here, and JESSICA shall rove,
 Led by pale Cynthia to the bow'r of love!

Here fate-struck RICHARD on his couch shall lie,
While spectres murmur shrill, "despair and die;
Then starting rise, and shudd'ring with affright,
Foretel the horrors of the coming fight.

MACBETH's fell queen shall quit her downy bed,
With guilt's sad visions swimming round her head,
Scar'd by her dream in pictur'd horror stand,
And view the mind-fix'd spot distain her hand.

Here BRUTUS shall again inflict the wound,
Which brought a regal tyrant to the ground:
MARK ANTHONY shall mourn great CÆSAR's fall,
Lift from the bleeding corse, the crimson'd pall;
Tell to the crowd, how good he was, how brave,
And shew the cruel stab which Brutus gave.

If you, ye fair, *should* heave the pitying sigh,
Our heroes then, will often wish to die.
Ophelia, anxious to repeat her strain,
Will cry, 'O when shall I run mad again.'

But yet the Comic Muse must share the scene,
And the pert chamber-maid succeed the queen:
The sovereign, sunk to subject, quit the throne;
Nor witch be heard to howl, nor ghost to moan.

When for a change, we give the sprightly dance,
Expect no aid from Italy or France.

In spight of Folly's call, and Fashion's rage,
'Tis yours to patronize a BRITISH STAGE.

Bell rings.

I'm call'd!—Ye mighty gods support our cause,
And hail the rising curtain with applause.

Going out, returns to the music.

A word my masters, touch the trembling string,
And as it rises play—GOD SAVE THE KING.

M A R Y.

Introduced in a Dramatic Piece of the same Name,

PERFORMED

AT A PRIVATE THEATRE.

SOLEMN sounds the passing bell,
As I weep o'er Mary's urn;
Each vibration seems to tell,
“ Mary never will return!”

Still the spot, and deep the grave,
Where my Mary's form must lay;
Youth and beauty could not save,
Death has torn my love away.

Virgins, see my sweet to bed,
See her to her last repose;
By affection fondly led,
Give a sigh to Mary's woes.

O'er her coffin drop the flower,
(Lovely emblem of decay.)
Taken from her favourite bower,
Where she moan'd along the day.

"Happy flowers!" would Mary sigh,
"Sweet your life, and quickly o'er:
"When shall hopeless Mary die,
"When shall Mary be no more?"

Weeping virgins well ye know,
Mary did not long complain;
Clos'd her life, and clos'd *her* woe,
'Tis her Edward lives to pain.—

Long I struggled with the storm,
Dashing billows long did brave;—
Mary dreaming, viewed my form,
Hov'ring o'er a wat'ry grave.

Morning rose upon her fears,
"Where's my love!" she frantic cried:—
Downcast looks confirm'd her fears,
Mary shiver'd, shriek'd,—and died.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY Mr. PALMER,
 THEN MANAGER AT THE CIRCUS,

BEFORE THE EXHIBITION OF
 THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BASTILE.*

To-night, we lead you to a neighb'ring shore,
 Where swelling Tyranny shall reign no more,
 Where Liberty has made a glorious stand,
 And spread her lustre e'en o'er Gallic land.
 Yes! Albion's spirit has at length inspir'd,
 Warm'd every heart, and ev'ry bosom fir'd.
 Oppression's hosts in abject terror fly,
 And *France* is blest'd with *England's* LIBERTY !

The Goddess rising in her native charms,
 In one bright moment call'd her son's to arms,
 True to her call, her glorious sons obey,
 Beneath her banners work their rapid way.
 And, Oh ! for ever be that band ador'd,
 Who first the Bastile's horrid cells explor'd ;
 Freed each pale inmate from a wretched doom,
 And fix'd their fame for ages yet to come!—

* At the time this horrid prison was torn from its foundation by an indignant people, the conduct of the French was as much the subject of praise, as it is now of detestation.

Such glowing scenes to paint, be ours to try,
Oh, should they move the heart, impearl the eye,
With gratitude increas'd, we'll nightly strive,
To keep the blest emotions still alive!

What scene more suited to a British stage,
Than that where freedom glows with honest rage;
Warms a whole kingdom to confess its cause,
And fix indelible its sacred laws,
Firm as the rocks which gird our Albion's shore,
To stand rever'd till time shall be no more!

Oh! may such laws to other shores extend,
And prove to ev'ry state an equal *friend*.
May proud oppression from its throne be hurl'd,
And freedom reign—*The mistress of the world!*

AN

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS:

Intended to have been spoken by MR. PALMER,

AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE,

BEFORE OUR CURTAIN RISES FOR THE SEASON,
On scenes, though mute, yet patronized by reason!

Let me, "in all my best," submissive bend
 (For sure I view in ev'ry face a friend)
 To worth like yours ! Still may your kind supplies,
 By which alone our infant stage can rise,
 Support our state, protect our fairy land,
 Where sense and virtue take their silent stand :
 By whose appointment, and at whose control,
 Our light'nings flash, our deep-mouth'd thunders
 roll ;

Our demons rise, our spells are hurl'd in air,
 While JUAN trembles in extreme despair ;
 Whose guilt-struck soul seems shrinking from its
 wound,

With all its pictur'd torments gleaming round.

Here too beneath the same benignant sway,
 Mirth's frolic children, innocently gay,
 Sport o'er our comic scene, and laugh the hours
 away. }

Methinks I view, through errors mist, arise,
 The star that soon shall gild our eastern skies ;
 Whose genial influence shall at once impart
 The liberal purpose to the glowing heart ;
 The while Melpomene enraptur'd roves,
 Our wooden ruins and our pasteboard groves ;
 Thalia, join'd with satire, shall engage
 To hold the mirror, and improve the stage ;

Here, here, I trust, on this theatric plain,
To view the genius of great Shakespeare's reign ;
While lesser orbs around its radiance move,
" As Jove's satellites encircle Jove."—

TO

ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

HAIL to the bard whose bold and manly lay
Warms as it flows with a resistless sway !
With pow'rs increasing may his genius rove
" O'er the sad ills that wait illicit love !"
Lamented Cargill ; lost, but not forgot,
The feeling bard has sung thy hapless lot,
And thus recorded, thy sad tale will stand
A lesson to the daughters of our land.
The child of virtue in a distant age
Shall strike her bosom as she meets the page ;
Then, sweetly smiling through the trembling tear,
Shall own that guilt, and only guilt, can fear.

Bold satirist proceed with honest rage,
To lash the idle flutt'ers of the age :

Long may the richness of thy mind expand,
At once the pride and terror of the land.
Those hearts too light to hear the private friend,
'Tis only public satire can amend :
Then still, with mind undaunted, rush along,
In all the thund'ring eloquence of song.
View Vice and Folly shrinking from thy lay ;
View reformation mark thy glorious way :
Thy pen the lancet, strike at all around,
Extract the core, and time will heal the wound :
To crush the giant villanies be thine,
View folly redden, paler guilt repine,
Stung by the just rebuke which marks thy nervous line.

In every age keen satire's wholesome spring
Has heal'd the wounds of prejudice's sting ;
Pure is its stream, its glassy surface flows
Clear as the day, and every foible shews ;
Its genial influence mental health imparts,
The richest med'cine for corrupted hearts ;
Its waters clear the sickly mists away,
That, rising, check the force of Wisdom's ray ;
While brighten'd reason, beaming o'er the mind,
Exulting views each faculty refin'd.

MARIA TO HENRY.

STANZAS

FOUNDED ON FACT.

JUST risen from the thorny bed of pain,
With palsied hand I pen my hapless tale ;
Oh, Henry, turn not from it with disdain,
Let pity plead where love could not prevail !

Time was, when modesty illum'd my brow,
When spotless purity adorn'd my mind ;
Ah ! why did Henry breathe the fatal vow,
On which, with peace, my honour I resign'd.

When my fond widow'd mother breath'd her last,
You swore protection to her mourning child ;
Yet the sad funeral rites were scarcely past
Ere your poor charge you cruelly beguil'd.

My little fortune, to your hands consign'd,
In silent grief I saw you waste away ;
Yet still your love reliev'd my burthen'd mind,
And sooth'd the cares of many a painful day.

When dissipation gave you to distress,
And pent within a prison's walls you pin'd,

How did I strive to make each sorrow less,
To cheer the gloom that overwhelm'd your mind?

And when our miseries were reliev'd by joy,
And fortune's wheel within your favour turn'd;*
What fond delusion did my thoughts employ;
What flatt'ring hopes within my bosom burn'd!

The day of bliss succeeding that of woes,
Fill'd all my beating heart with joys refin'd;
While the night dream, that floated on repose,
Gave those delights the happy only find.

With all the loves and graces in his train,
Methought that Hymen took me by the hand,
And led me smiling to the hallow'd fane,
Where at the altar I beheld you stand.

But oh! too soon these glowing visions fade,
Your alter'd conduct bids suspicion rise;
Your cruel absence tells me I'm betray'd,
Oh! clear her doubts, or poor Maria dies!

A few more days in pain and sorrow past,
And death will have his prey—then haste to save—
Oh! spare my mem'ry ere I breath my last,
Nor let me sink dishonour'd to the grave.†

* A prize of two thousand pounds, purchased with the remainder of her little fortune.

† On the day of the seducer's marriage, the victim of his perfidy and ingratitude expired!

ELEGY.

WRITTEN *out* OF A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

Now all is still, and evenings calm pervades,
Now rest the sheep secure within the fold;
The sun beams, darting through the woodland shades,
Play o'er the ground in streaks of vivid gold.

This silent lane invites my feet to stray
Where Nature wildly flaunts her sweets around,
Oh! how my heart enjoys the pensive way,
Where melancholy Nature decks the ground.

But what rude sculpture sudden meets my view,
"Sacred to Alcon!—Passenger attend!"—
Alcon!—and does he sleep beneath this yew?—
Oh! Alcon ever was the wretch's friend.

But Alcon lov'd,—and met no kind return,
Our last sad parting rushes on my soul!—
The recollection makes my bosom burn;
And tells, indeed, the melancholy whole!

EPITAPH.

A mourning sister Alcon left behind,
Rais'd this rude stone beside the silent dell,

Whose brother, in the anguish of his mind,
Beneath the self-aim'd blow indignant fell.

'Twas love that gave his gentle heart to bleed;
Love unreturn'd!—and what is more severe?
Ah! then, let those who shudder at the deed!—
To erring Nature give a generous tear.

EDWARD AND MARIA.

ARGUMENT.

HAPPY passed the hours of Edward and Maria. The wedding-day was appointed, and the village youth were preparing for the festivity, when an unprincipled son of grandeur beheld the blooming fair one!—beheld—and mark'd for ruin! Allured by promises of future grandeur; Maria listens to the strains of adulation, and falls a willing victim.

Prompted by desperation, the hapless Edward rushes forward, through scenes which dissipation displays as a relief for a wounded mind. Careless of life; regardless of the future; he seeks destruction, and too soon meets it.—A small fortune scattered in

the frenzy of despair is quickly exhausted: a prison receives the victim of disappointment and indiscretion: and, in the last stage of a last illness; the following epistle is supposed to be written, from

EDWARD TO MARIA.

WHEN this arrives, from grandeur's splendid scenes
Retire;—and call to mind the injur'd man
That owns the name of Edward.—

Come, gentle spirit, nurs'd where stillness dwells,
That rests with hermits in their mossy cells.
Infuse thy spirit through the heartfelt strain,
Of a lost wretch oppress'd by mental pain.
So may these numbers needful aid impart,
And find a passage to Maria's heart.

Wrong'd as I am, affection holds her reign;
Thy fall, Maria, I must ever mourn:
The sad remembrance sharpens ev'ry pain,
And makes this breast with keener anguish burn.

Deceiv'd in thee, by fatal impulse driven,
I bade false pleasure chase the gloom of care:
Yet soon an awful stroke from injur'd heaven,
In mercy sav'd me from the last despair.

Offended God, on whom we all depend,
Whose eye pervades, whose presence fills the whole,
To whom afflicted man is forc'd to bend,
Oh, calm this frenzy rising in my soul!

Bid each guilty scene depart,
Twin'd by memory round my heart;
Say to Passion, " Cease to roar,
Rend his troubled mind no more."

While to death's dark gloom descending,
This weak frame is downward bending,
Heav'nly Father, be my friend.
Mighty Power, that views my anguish,
Tho' with pain I long may languish,
Raise my hopes, and cheer my end.

From cells far distant from the light of day,
Where no relief the sons of Woe can find;
Where many a wretch has pin'd his life away,
Where want consumes, and shameful fetters bind,
These strains proceed——

Turn to thy closet, steal from fatal joy,
And there, Maria, weigh thy conduct well;
Let Edward's wrongs a conscious hour employ;
Look back on scenes you must remember well.

Say dear deluded, if within the round
Of glitt'ring pleasures, that so soon decay,

The glow of real happiness is found,
Though mirth and frolic mark the thoughtless
day?

Above restraint, reflection will arise,
Its call was sudden, when you late remov'd,
From the full dance remov'd! with streaming eyes,
By sorrow summon'd from the scenes you lov'd.

Let not those tears, Maria, fall in vain;
Embrace repentance, while it may be found;
Well pleas'd will heav'n attend the sinner's strain,
With all its bright immortals smiling round.

Renounce your fatal error while you may,
Reflect on poor Matilda's sudden fate;
Deny'd a warning, summon'd swift away;
Her tears, Maria, fell—but fell too late.

Snatch'd from the folds of pleasure's soft embrace,
In all the swelling pride of beauty's bloom,
That form attractive, and that lovely face,
Now feasts the worm that riots in the tomb.

As April sun-shines, quickly dash'd with shade,
Give one faint wat'ry gleam, then die away;
So ev'ry charm Maria boasts will fade,
And all her joys by folly rais'd decay.

—————No more—be warn'd,
My first regard, my latest earthly care,

And we may meet again; for, oh! Maria,
Thy Edward's love beyond the grave extends.——
When to my Father, and my God, I raise
A final prayer for mercy, then shall thought,
In life's last moment, wander back to thee.

ABDALLAH,

TO

THE USURPER OF HIS FATHER'S THRONE.

ALTERED AND ENLARGED FROM

THE ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN IN 1765.

FROM dreary cells, where anguish bites the ground;
Where horror rages o'er the gloom profound;
Where death, in each tormenting form, appears
To fill a leffer soul than mine with fears!
I send the dictates of a stedfast mind,
Which spurns thy chains, and casts all dread be-
hind!
Which holds in fix'd contempt thy narrow power;
Which more than cheers my last approving hour!
For my attempt was made in virtue's cause,
To guard her sacred liberties and laws;

And had Abdallah brought thee to the ground,
Search'd thy black heart, and fix'd a mortal wound;
My father, and thy king's insulted shade,
Had then in peace repos'd, with all its wrongs re-
paid.

Now racks prepare, and ministers of pain ;
Yet know, 'tis useless all, and idly vain :
Ere this arrives, I may be nobly blest,
For no known guilt lies heavy on my breast ;
While something whispers that I shall not die,
But be transplanted to a purer sky ;
There meet my father, on some peaceful plain,
Where trouble cannot come, nor bold usurpers
reign.

For thee, proud wretch, though guards around thee
wait,

In all the swelling pomp of regal state :
A time will come, when vengeance shall arise,
Strike the dread blow, and ope a nation's eyes !
Ere long, thou greatly curs'd, but chief by me,
Each venal slave shall cease to bend the knee ,
Within thy palace purple streams shall flow,
And all its courts resound with shrieks of woe !
Observing Justice shall at length command ;
Avenging hosts shall fill a guilty land ;
Doom'd, for thy crimes, to bleed at every pore,
Till thou, and wretches like thee, are no more !

When this determin'd hand has fearless penn'd,
The theme, inspir'd, prophetic of thy end !
It grasps the dagger, that at once shall free,
My frame from torture, and my soul from thee.

When in my cell, thy guards shall view me dead,
Know the last arrow of thy rage is sped !
Then, ermin'd robber, then prepare for woe ;
Then tremble on thy throne—thy throne?—ah, no !
By wrong on wrong the regal seat was gain'd ;
By wrong on wrong that seat is still retain'd ;
But Justice soon shall view her banners rise,
Her well-prov'd sabres glitter to the skies ;
Herself shall lead the firm avenging train,
Effulgent gleaming o'er the ample plain.

To Fancy's eye her warlike hosts appear,
(Soon to appal thy trembling heart with fear)
Methinks I view thee, shuddering with affright,
As this dread scroll arrests thy aching sight ;
And Oh! methinks I view thee bite the ground,
And gasp beneath the agonizing wound :—
That blow once struck, my father's honour'd shade
Shall rest, in peace, with all its wrongs repaid.

ELLEN TO EDWIN.

WRITTEN IN 1765.

PEN'D, as the throbs permit, of mental pain ;
Hear, perjur'd Edwin, Ellen's final strain :
'Tis the last effort of a breaking heart,
Ere the impatient soul from its weak frame depart.

Awhile from scenes I've lov'd too well, retire,
And view the wretch that you have made expire !
View the fall'n form, once pleasing to your eye,
Humbled, and *fall'n indeed*, in abject misery die !

Come, flatt'rer, come, exert your narrow power,
To cheer the horrors of a dying hour !
Once, with a promis'd good you sooth'd my breast,
While Ellen fondly hop'd, but ne'er that good possess'd.

On every theme that fell from Edwin's tongue,
How fondly, once, deluded Ellen hung :
Themes fram'd to gloss a dark and deep design ;
Form'd in your cruel heart, to sting, to torture mine.

Now, all is past ! you can no more deceive :
Nor abject Ellen e'er again believe !—

Take, then, an awful lesson! view me die!
Nor to my cold remains, refuse one conscious sigh.

For know, though proud of splendid titles; gay,
Untouch'd you flutter through the garish day,
Thoughtless indulge, as youth and health invite,
In the full sway of libertine delight:
Time *will* advance, and youth's brief honours fade;
And splendid titles prove, the shadow of a shade!

When death's pale banners wave around your head,
My wrongs, perchance, may fill the soul with dread!
(For, oh! deluder! say,—what could you more
Than rob me of that peace, you can't restore!)
Ah! then you'll find the guilt of moments past,
Has only sharpen'd stings to agonize the last!

When pride shall droop, and earthly grandeur fail,
When heav'n shall call you to your last abode,
Say—will the thoughts of former scenes avail,
Or raise the prayer of penitence to God?

Ah, no!—false pleasures fleeting hours when past;
Remembrance bids the flame of anguish burn:
Too gay to fix, too glitt'ring far to last,
Their joys fly with them—never to return!

STANZAS,

WRITTEN IN 1771.

LET silence reign where melancholy dwells;
Be still ye warbling songsters of the grove;
For, planted deep, within my bosom swells,
The poignant pang of disappointed love.

II.

Ye glowing visions of unreal bliss,
Deceitful transports, unsubstantial joy;
Are all your gay allurements come to this,
To wreck my peace, and every hope destroy?

III.

Away ye glittering phantoms of an hour,
Your airy, faithless prospects, charm no more;
At length I wake, nor longer own your power;—
The spell is broke, the grand deception's o'er.

IV.

How smil'd Amelia when I told my love:
How pleas'd she listen'd to the melting tale;
How oft we rov'd within the lofty grove,
And breath'd soft raptures in the flow'ry dale.

V.

Awhile entranc'd, no joy was e'er like mine;
 I wish'd not greater happiness to prove;
 In fond mistake, I thought her all divine,
 And, like her form, her mind might claim my love.

VI.

Till wealthy Athol, with superior art,
 Display'd the charm that riches can bestow;
 The pleasing poison stole upon her heart;—
 She left me torn with agonizing woe.

VII.

And now the scenes of innocence are o'er,
 Nor flowry dale can charm, nor lofty grove;
 The lost Amelia will return no more,
 E'en now she revels in unlawful love.

*On the Death of Miss ******

WRITTEN IN 1772.

SNATCH'D from gay scenes, where guilt with grandeur reign'd,
 Amelia yields to heaven's superior power:

His awful visit death had ne'er proclaim'd,
But struck the blow in folly's gayest hour.

Her charms shall strike admiring crowds no more,
No more those eyes shall dim the diamond's ray;
Perhaps e'en now she treads the dreary shore,
Where phantoms stalk along the gloomy way.

Where phantoms stalk along the gloomy way;
Where nought is heard but solitary moans;
Where dark despair stands trembling with dismay;
And every sense of every hope disowns.

Ye fair who turn your erring steps aside,
To where false pleasure points with aspect gay;
Know through her realms destruction's rapid tide,
Has swept full many a blooming nymph away.

Amelia wander'd near the fatal stream,
Pluck'd many a glittering, fair, deceitful flower;
But as she slumber'd,—on her pleasing dream,
It rose—and whelm'd her in the myrtle bower!

ANTICIPATIONS OF FANCY.

WRITTEN IN JUNE 1793.

IN the autumn of the year which closed the eighteenth century, Edward Harcourt, one of those gallant young Englishmen who had fought under the banners of the intrepid Duke of York; the scourge of rebels, and the restorer of the seventeenth Louis to the throne of his ancestors,—from a chain of accumulated misfortunes, which his severe destiny forbade him to break, lay pining on the couch of sickness and of sorrow; which even the attention of his beloved Matilda could not soften; the sting of base ingratitude had inflicted its wound, its venom had entered his heart; and Matilda could do no more but weep over the husband of her soul, in prophetic bodings of that loss, which was to involve her in misery, destitute of hope; and which, rivetted to existence, could only end with it. In the third week of his sufferings, Harcourt expired, leaving Matilda all he had to bestow,—his blessing! The physician who had attended him in his illness, with unremitted tenderness and humanity, endeavoured, with generous sollicitude, to reconcile the mourning widow

to that fate, which he perceived but too plainly she could not long support without sinking under it.

Being a native of France, and having a maiden sister residing in Paris, in peace and happiness, the result of a well-regulated government, and who, on the re-establishment of insulted monarchy, returned to those lands which public robbers had, during their lawless and sanguinary rule, torn from her; he persuaded Mrs. Harcourt to accompany him on a visit to the *second* city in the world.

The ship which conveyed them from the bleached cliffs of sea-girt Albion, the envied seat of glory, arts, and arms, with sails swelling to the breeze, made its rapid way along the liquid surface of the wide-spread ocean, marking in a long and even line its foamy course, caused by the re-union of waters, which its broad and deep sides had parted.

While within view of the shores of France, the sky, hitherto calm and clear, became cloudy and threatening; the looks of the mariners informed Mr. Dupree of their apprehensions of an approaching storm, and, by the advice of the captain, he repaired with Mrs. Harcourt to the sheltering cabin.

The mind of that lady, wrapped up in its own sorrows, was too deeply engaged to attend to the

conversation of the affrighted passengers, who now, from the rolling of the ship, with difficulty preserved their seats. A deep and awful clap of thunder succeeding a vivid and alarming flash of lightning, at length roused her to a sense of the dreadful situation they were in.

Mr. Dupree, who had never quitted her side, observed silently, and with a mixture of pleasure and pain, her recovered recollection. "Be not alarmed, my child," said the venerable and worthy friend, "at expressions prompted by fear, which I wish our fellow-passengers could divest themselves of."—"Alarmed! my dear Sir! alas, my last dread is over; I have sustained it; and as I feel no hope, I can own no fear."

Day closed on the terrors of the ship's crew! At intervals, the gloom of night was broken by the lightning's glare flashing on the watery element, which, roaring and convulsed, threatened instant death to its appalled beholders: who now discovered, by the frequent openings of the tempest-charged arch, hanging over their devoted heads, those rocks against which their long-struggling bark was soon to split! Dreadful situation! to view impending danger without the power of resistance; to wait, in trembling despair, the approach of sure destruction!

The moment of extreme horror was not long in its advance : a tremendous swell precipitated the vessel against the dreaded enemy. Lost amidst the roaring of the waves, and peals of thunder still more awful, were the expiring groans of its devoted inmates, whose sufferings were over, long before the storm had subsided—long before returning morn had thrown light on the mangled remains of the lover, the husband, and the father!—no more to return to those endearments—to those ties of nameless affection, for which they had tempted the element which consigned them to a premature death, leaving the maiden to languish, the widow to despair, and the orphan to its fate!

At length a calm and fine morning succeeded a night of darkness and dismay. In expectation of a wreck, but not to plunder the unfortunate, several inhabitants of a town situated near the shore, were now at the sea side. Indeed, such is now the happy state of Frenchmen, that every individual reaps a benefit in doing good, and in promoting the interests of justice and humanity, particularly on occasions where the welfare of a fellow-creature (no matter whether stranger or native) is materially concerned.

In this flourishing town, placed amidst the blessings of a yielding earth smiling beneath the busy hand of

agriculture, many have been repaid with interest, for promoting and practising those virtues which render a man worthy of the name. Many a drowning wretch, on its hospitable shores, has, within a few years, been saved from a watery grave, and sent home to his nation and connexions, at the expence of the present government of France, founded on the broad and noble basis of universal philanthropy.

As the day advanced, some among the crowd, assembled on the strand, beheld, among the rocks, a white handkerchief, placed at the end of a broken oar, and which they concluded to be set up as a signal for succour. Instantly a boat was put off; and, as it approached the spot, a sight presented itself, which awakened all the feelings of humanity. Those in the boat beheld a seaman nearly exhausted, in tears, over the breathless form of an elegant and nearly expiring female.

With this melancholy charge they returned to land. The seaman could only answer to their interrogations by clasping his hands in silent agony, and, in the most affecting gestures, made known his wishes that all their attention should be confined to the lady.

The means, first prompted by an Englishman, whose private worth and public spirit reflects honour

on his nation, for restoring the apparently drowned to light and existence, were for a long time tried in vain: at length they succeeded: the poor sailor, who had fainted, recovered to bless his generous friends; but several hours elapsed before the lady discovered any signs of returning life.

At length a deep sigh relieved their apprehensions; and she was instantly conveyed to the house of a worthy pair, whose misfortunes occasioned by distractions which lately threatened their land with ruin, had softened their hearts, and had taught them to pity and relieve the children of adversity.

The tender assiduities of the mistress of the mansion, produced a very happy effect on the suffering frame of her grateful guest; who, the next morning, although extremely faint and spiritless, was enabled to express her thanks.

During the night, her venerable hostess had watched the slumbers of Mrs. Harcourt, who now, as if suddenly recollecting herself, enquired with an alarming wildness after her friend, Mr. Dupree.—The poor sailor had just been permitted to enter the chamber: on hearing the sudden question, retreated towards the door—looked mournfully on Mrs. Villamore—shook his head—and departed.

In the course of a few days, Mrs. Harcourt recovered strength enough to enable her to take short walks with Mr. and Mrs. Villamore, in the charming boundaries of their tranquil habitation. The sailor, who was now considered as one of the family, had told the tale of anguish to his surviving mistress, whose griefs, on the mournful occasion, were rather indulged than otherwise, by those whose conduct, in not endeavouring to soften them by reason and comfort, became the subject of her contemplation. When retired to her chamber, she reflected,—till slumber took her to itself—on those who were no more!—on the husband and the friend she should never behold again!

To accuse them, on the point of commiseration, was impossible; since she experienced the tenderest concern in every other respect, except in that which was the last, but not indeed the most severe pang, which preyed upon her mind, and robbed it of that repose her still much weakened frame demanded.

When the tear flowed for her lamented Harcourt, the Villamores would endeavour to soften her sorrows by every means which friendship could suggest; the heart-piercing subject was daily on her lips; and daily did her amiable and participating friends sooth her deep regrets, with the powerful balm which kindred feelings can alone bestow: but when, turn-

ing from the oppressive thoughts of her lamented husband, the ill-fated Dupree became the burden of her lamentation, she was constantly left to mourn his loss in silence and alone: and on this affliction she never beheld, from them, an answering tear, nor heard a consoling sound! So far from attempting to alleviate her pangs on that trying calamity, they would say, "Great indeed is the loss of the generous Dupree, the martyr to friendship, and the lover of all mankind! and then leave her to all the nameless anguish of retrospection; to that retrospection—where the past overwhelms the present in clouds of helpless anxiety; while the lost wretch views, through the dreadful mist of doubt and uncertainty, one evil springing from another, to the latest chapter of suffering existence.

Some months had elapsed before Mrs. Harcourt was entirely recovered, when, on one of the calm, cloudless days of a mild September, Mr. and Mrs. Villamore proposed a visit to the ruins of a venerable abbey; among which their widowed sister was wearing out the remnant of her days, in all the inexpressible hopes, and unaffected resignation of genuine and deep-rooted piety; confirmed by worldly wrong, permitted by mysterious Providence; and weaned by repeated ills, from every regard to sublunary enjoyments.

In a few hours they reached the time-hallowed spot ; at the moment when the descending sun was illuminating the earth and its objects with all the glories of its most splendid reflection ; and what object more awfully picturesque than the wide-spread ruin before them ? “ This building,” said Mr. Villamore, “ while life was young, and every thought was joy, was the pride of surrounding lands. It is a convent dedicated to the Supreme in times long passed. From its last superior I received, as a sacred deposit, the history of his predecessors, from its foundation.

‘ Suffer not,’ said he, ‘ the scorers of every thing sacred, to utter, before thee, those taunts which the light and vain are too apt to indulge in. You have taken from me a volume, dear to my heart as the vital stream which supports it. This volume, my friend, contains the lives of those who filled up the sacred office I hold, before me ; and although you are of a different persuasion, still your religion is heart-fixed, and your feelings are above disguise. You will peruse these records with a sigh ; you will revere my brethren, now removed beyond the reach of human ills ; and you will shed a tear over the memory of him who was the last of their race !’ Here he paused for a time, and then delivered the result of his silence. ‘ This unhappy land may for a season be crimsoned over with the blood

of its suffering and innocent sons ; with which that of the guilty will, as heaven's vengeance shall ordain, be mixed :—But the enemies of our faith are advancing ; I hear their shouts ; my religion commands self-preservation when resistance becomes of no avail ; I hasten to the trembling few, who hope to gain the land of liberty and of happiness ; where the monarch reigns in the heart of his people, and where all may be happy if they will. There the hand of death will most probably consign me to the tomb I wish for. All I ask from thee, my child, is this ; if it should prove your happy fate to see peace and order again restored to this divided and distracted kingdom, let my mouldering remains be removed to this sacred fane ; for here rest those of the holy fathers, whose memory I revere, and whose lives I have endeavoured to imitate.'

The party advancing along the ruin, surveyed with sensations of awe and pity the immensity of its walls, at once towering and terrific : its winding cloysters overgrown with weeds, and rendered almost impassible by the waste of relentless time : its numerous windows, not yet utterly despoiled of the admiration of frequent visitors, and its curious fretwork, inlaid with vegetation, tinted by every colour which nature bestows on her wild flowers, which delight to dwell on, and to decorate, the silent haunts of mournful desolation !

These interesting tribes, sacred to simplicity and truth, just visited by the light sprinklings of a passing cloud, were now glistening to the rays of the sun, and imbibing that moisture which was still to prolong their existence, still to bear them up a little longer against the advancing winds of destroying winter.

At the termination of a cloyster, which yet remained entire, the secluded dwelling of the sister of the Villamore's presented itself. A plantation of trees rendered venerable by age, invested it with an air of melancholy, which gave it attraction to its unfortunate owner, who, by the delicacy of her manners, and the native sense which marked her conversation, insensibly won upon the good opinion and esteem of Mrs. Harcourt.

An intimacy soon commenced, and as winter advanced, a congeniality of mind rendered the new friends so interesting to each other, as to lead to a proposal of passing that dreary season together in the mansion of the convent, which on both sides was agreed to, with mutual satisfaction.

Mrs. La Motte was a stranger to every sordid and unworthy feeling; her heart was that of benevolence and humanity; and, for miles around her, not a cottage door but was thrown open as she ap-

proached towards it, by the overjoyed and grateful inhabitants, who welcomed, with transports unfeigned, their adviser in health, and their friend in sickness.

The first appearance of the abode of Mrs. La Motte, wore a mournful and forbidding aspect, even to the sight of her amiable and sorrowing visitor, alienated as it was from scenes of busy life, and reposing only on those favourable to retrospect and melancholy. But in a few weeks after her residence within it, Mrs. Harcourt experienced a serenity, she had been a stranger to since the death of the lamented husband of her heart. This change she attributed to her morning's employment, which was that of assisting her friend, in preparing and distributing medicines for the relief of those individuals who were considered as proper objects.

The women patients were all her own, except in cases where the aid of the surgeon was required; while the men remained under the care of a professional gentleman, whose misfortunes and failure in the world claimed the pity and protection of Mrs. La Motte, who had known him in better days, and who now gave him a house to reside in, together with a liberal yearly allowance, for which she only required that he would do for others, as he had been done by.

As Mrs. La Motte had taken several orphan children under her immediate care, her household was rather numerous; but so much attention was paid to regular government, that the tranquillity she loved and courted was never interrupted. They had their hours for work; stated times for their plain, but liberal and wholesome table; nor was *recreation* forgotten in the plan of benevolence, formed by their beloved patroness. When evening prayers were closed, and her infant charge dismissed to their peaceful pillows, Mrs. La Motte would indulge herself, and amuse her guest, with the music of the harp, an instrument she excelled in, and which she well knew how to accompany, with a voice, full, clear, and harmonious, and which guided by genuine taste and a heart attached to her subjects, never failed to call forth tender regrets for those who were no more! Regrets, which she loved to cherish and take with her to her nightly slumbers.

“ I know of no melody,” she would say, “ so well suited for mournful musing as that of the harp. It answers my ideas of the music of the spheres, enjoyed only by disembodied spirits, released from the confines of mortality, and participating in the fullness of permanent felicity.

One night while they were thus engaged, the storm raged horribly abroad. Its approach was

sudden; the loud gusts of wind roared among the ruins which in many parts yielded to their power; part of the cloyster which led to the garden gate was unroofed with a tremendous sound, while mixed with the noise occasioned by the elemental strife, the affrighted domestics imagined they heard the groans of some one in distress.

They hastened to the spot, but, before they arrived, Mr. Leroux had been there before them in defiance of the danger he ran; and while they viewed this deserving object of their lady's goodness supporting to his door a wounded man, more of the roof fell in, and had they not in a providential moment, passed it as they had done, they would have been buried in its fall.

The injury the stranger had received was in the arm, and no serious consequence was apprehended. The sudden shock, however, for a time deprived him of the power of speech; but being conveyed to a warm bed, and experiencing every attention which care and humanity could suggest, he was soon able to look his thanks, and in a few hours to express them.

In the morning, Mr. Leroux introduced his patient, in compliance with his earnest desire, to see Mrs. La Motte. The ladies were sitting in the

breakfast parlour, and as he entered, the exclamations of "Dupree restored!" and "Mrs. Harcourt living!" broke forth at once from the lips of that lady and gentlemen.

Mrs. La Motte on hearing the well known name of Dupree, turned pale, and was led to a chair, by her grateful and attentive dependant, whose respect forbade any inquiry, as to the cause of her evident agitation.

Dupree suddenly turned from Mrs. Harcourt, and kneeling before her trembling friend, exclaimed, "Generous, best of women, can you at length pronounce the pardon of a man, whose unjust suspicions have rendered him unhappy, during his long, long absence from his native land; and can you admit him to your friendship, when the happiness or misery of his few remaining years depend upon it."

"Dupree has ever had the friendship and the pity of her who once loved him," rejoined Mrs. La Motte, "and, but for a father's command, sacred to a duteous child, we had now been happy in each other, by the dearest and the tenderest ties; but where Dupree, where have you been, during the convulsions which have proved so fatal to the good and great characters you so well knew, whose inju-

ries are treasured up in heaven, till the awful day of final award.

“ Too well you remember the cruel insinuations thrown out by the Marquis of D——. In your belief, my honour was so much involved, as to determine my father to forbid you his house: and although your delusion lasted not long, that father, tenacious of the honour of a family on which no stain had ever rested, remained unshaken in his resolve never again to see, or hear from the man, who had once suspected the virtue of his child.

“ When my parent died, he left my brother under a promise, never once to mention your name, and to lay on me the same injunction. That brother, like myself, lived but to obey his commands while living, and to respect them when no more.

“ In a few years after the loss of our father my brother married; it was an union of love, not interest, and here I am forced to acknowledge, that he had been left by one he could only pity, not blame, in a state, which led him to the dread of falling into one of dependence. My brother and sister, however were happy; the superior of this convent, whose fate must ever be deplored, knew and honoured their virtues, and, by munificent and exalted acts, restored Villamore to his former independance.

“ The only command my brother laid upon me, was to remember that of our father, and never to mention even your name. But at the time he gave it, I know he respected your virtues, so universally known and acknowledged.

“ Your sudden departure became a subject of general concern at Paris, and in the country where you had resided, and where you still left your worthy sister, that the poor might not feel the effects of your absence—but they blessed your name, and deplored your loss !

“ I had now a task to perform, where my gratitude to the best of friends was too materially concerned, for me to think of shrinking from it. La Motte the brother of the superior, had honoured me with his affection. My brother strongly pleaded his cause ; for the first time I mentioned you, as the only possessor of my heart, but so much did Villamoredwell on the debt he owed both his friends, that I consented to comply with his request.—In a few days, I received La Motte as my lord and husband.

“ I was now become the wife of the man who adored me ; it was my duty, indeed, to forget you, and at least to esteem the worth to which I was wedded, it was no task to perform that duty, I could

not but honour and respect the generous, the all-worthy La Motte, who treated me as became a bosom friend, and an indulgent husband. He even would occasionally make *you* the subject of his warmest praise, and deepest regret, but never in the presence of my brother, who could not entirely forget former resentments.—Here I must pause; let the monument raised to the memory of the La Mottes, tell what my heart bleeds to think on.”—Saying this, the party arose and repaired to the chapel before mentioned, where, near the altar, a monument had been raised, bearing this record.

TO THE MEMORY
OF THE
LA. MOTTES!

THESE UNFORTUNATE BROTHERS
WERE DROWNED

IN THEIR ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE

(IN AN OPEN BOAT,

AND IN

A TEMPESTUOUS NIGHT,)

FROM THE

UNJUST SENTENCE

OF THAT

MURDERER OF HIS RACE,

THE REMORSELESS

ROBESPIERRE!

In silence, and in tears, they returned from whence they came. Mrs. La Motte retired to her chamber; while to their mutual friend, Dupree gave the following relation.

"In the awful and alarming moment when our bark struck against the rocks, I was separated from you by the shock, and saw you no more. Considering you as lost, I endeavoured to save myself by clinging to a part of the rigging, which bore me up till break of day, when I was discovered by some people who were traversing the shore, in the humane hope of preserving, if possible,—a life.

"I was conveyed to a cottage, where I was treated with great humanity; and my story being told to a family of some consequence, residing near the spot; the unhappy Dupree was remembered by the head of it, who conveyed me in his carriage to the abode of my sister, a day's journey from the dwelling of my humane deliverers.

"From my sister, I learned the fate of the Marquis of D——; I learned too the cause which induced him to abuse my confidence in framing calumnies against the maiden, whose virtue was above his arts. In an unhappy moment I gave ear to a well framed tale, which I soon found to be as false as it was specious, but not before the father and the brother

of my adored angel, became acquainted with my credulity, and forbade my thinking of her more. This severe injunction drove me from France, and destroyed my happiness for ever!

“ Having made phyfic my study in this country, and willing to dissipate thought by employment, I commenced a profession in which I met with great encouragement; and as I was independant, I experienced the pleasing gratification of doing good in a land, where so strong a claim, so worthy a demand, was made upon my gratitude. I felt a pride in serving Englishmen, I revere the name, which of all others ought to be most dear to foreigners of every description; to Frenchmen in particular. Did not England, that great and generous nation, when actuated by weak and coward fears, the poor emigrant from a bleeding country, was driven from land to land, when he had to seek in bitterness of heart a place to hide his head!—did not England afford him a shelter? England! glorious isle of perfect freedom! on thee rests the light of heaven, and glory to the end of time!

“ The loss of the gallant Harcourt, for whom I had entertained a friendship the most cordial, determined me on returning to my native country. I had heard from my sister that you were still living

after many hardships shared with your brother and sister, while secreting yourselves from sanguinary men, who revelled in the blood and property of their murdered betters.

"The Marquis of D—, whose talents were as excellent as his heart was depraved, breathed his last in the place of his confinement: and it may be considered as a fortunate circumstance, that he is the last of a family on which his crimes would have fixed dishonour,—never to be washed away!

"In the frenzy of his last moments he called in a despairing tone on the name of the royal martyr, who fell by the machinations of the party he belonged to.

"From an elevated stand, it is but too well remembered, this disgrace to manhood, encouraged, by his own example, the deluded French, to insult the feelings of the elegant, the pious, the refined Elizabeth, on her way to the scaffold, where she fell a sacrifice the most pure, in the sight of all-observing and all-pitying heaven.

"Private worth renders the name of *Elizabeth* dear in the estimation of the truly good; and a later sorrow and a later praise will rest upon it, than on that of her more beautiful and more unfortunate

sister, who, idolized by a venal court, became vain, fond of sway, and too prone to indulge resentment: on this account, our queen was more *unfortunate*! for is it to be imagined, that the last hours of *Antoinette* and *Elizabeth* were blessed with the same tranquillity?—Of this no more—she has deeply atoned for every error, in following the fate of that husband, over whom, in the opinion of but too many, she held an influence which hastened *his* fate, and ensured her own.

“Anarchy is now subdued; thy throne, aspiring France, now rests on a broad and durable foundation: rescued from petty tyrants, by the all powerful armies of formidable and fearless England! Distant ages shall bless the memory of the gallant York, the prince, the patriot, and the man.

“Pardon Madam,” continued Dupree, “these heartfelt effusions; I have only to add, that desirous of throwing myself at your feet, and to implore the comfort of your forgiveness and friendship, for the short term of my existence here, I set out this morning from my home. Leaving my servants and carriage at some little distance, I proceeded alone towards this peaceful, this hospitable dwelling; when the sudden fall of part of the tempest-shaken ruin, had nearly proved fatal to that life, which, for a long,

long period, has been imbittered by a pang which you only can utterly remove."

Mrs. La Motte in a short but soothing reply, gave to Dupree every assurance of her unalterable esteem and friendship.

The arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Villamore closed the conversation. Their sister made known to them the once dear, and always respected name of Dupree, but time had nearly effaced his person from their memory. They at first received him coolly, but Mrs. La Motte told his story for him, and his contrition and sufferings overwhelmed resentment.

Dupree, his sister, and the Villamores, are now as one family, and Mrs. Harcourt is preparing to re-visit her native Albion! To the princely York, the wrongs and merits of the soldier Harcourt were known, and his disconsolate widow has every reason to bless the virtues, spread far and wide to admiring nations, of the illustrious and matchless pair, now sitting on

THE THRONE OF ENGLAND.

SOMERSET HOUSE*

Is only remembered by name. That once extensive building has given place to a still prouder structure, which, in its turn, shall *be driven from the face of the earth, and the spot whereon it stood shall know it no more.*

There are many who recollect the venerable aspect of the court way from the Strand; as well as the dark and winding steps leading down to the gardens, for years suffered to run to decay, and where the ancient and lofty trees spread a melancholy aspect over the neglected boundary, by no means unpleasing to the visitor, who, in a few seconds, could turn from noise and tumult, to stillness and repose.

The view which accompanies this volume, represents the inner front of Somerset-House; which, at the time the drawing was made, was all that remained of that once magnificent palace, and which stood at nearly an equal distance from the outer and inner fronts of Somerset-place.

* See the ENGRAVING by Mr. MEDLAND, from a drawing by Mr. C. R. RYLEY; placed before the title to this volume.

The sheetings of lead, on which the present pavement is laid; the watch-box; the wooden way to the remains of the old building, with part of the front, arched-entrances, scaffolding, and progress of the new, are exactly delineated.

By the advice of my most esteemed and lost friend, Mr. Parsons, this fine engraving, from the pencil of Mr. Ryley, is presented to my friends as a subject not less curious than interesting. The taste of that admirable comedian in the art of drawing, and of painting, is fully evinced by numerous views in and about London; as well as in his compositions from fancy; and copies from the master he most prized, the inimitable Wilson.

Many of his drawings and paintings, are in the possession of such of his friends whose tastes were congenial to his own. Now the artist is no more, these proofs of his imitative powers on paper, and on canvass, will be held doubly valuable: they display the skill of the hand, now cold and lifeless; and they bear testimony to the respect in which their owners were held by the departed: on whom I have every right to apply the often quoted text of the bard he delighted in:

———"Take him for all in all,

"I shall not look upon his like again."

Somerfet-House was built by the aspiring, but impolitic uncle of the sixth Edward, during that king's minority. Hume thus speaks of the unfortunate Somerfet when his power was in its wane :

“ The great estate which he had suddenly
“ acquired, at the expence of the church and
“ of the crown, rendered him obnoxious; and
“ the palace which he was building in the
“ Strand served, by its magnificence, and still
“ more by other circumstances which attended
“ it, to expose him to the censure of the pub-
“ lic. The parish church of St. Mary, with
“ three bishop's houses, was pulled down, in
“ order to furnish ground and materials for
“ this structure: not content with that sacri-
“ lege, an attempt was made to demolish St.
“ Margaret's, Westminster, and to employ
“ the stones to the same purpose; but the pa-
“ rishoners rose in a tumult, and chased away
“ the protector's tradesman. He then laid
“ his hands on a chapel in St. Paul's Church-
“ yard, with a cloister and charnel-house be-
“ longing to it; and these edifices, together
“ with a church of St. John of Jerusalem,
“ were made use of to raise his palace. What

“ rendered the matter more odious to the
“ people was, that the tombs and other monu-
“ ments of the dead were defaced; and the
“ bones being carried away, were buried in
“ unconsecrated ground.”

HUME'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

Chapter xxxv.

The downfall of Somerset, was hastened by the machinations of the crafty and vindictive Northumberland.

Hume says, “ Care had been taken by
“ Northumberland's emissaries, to prepossess
“ the young king against his uncle; and lest
“ he should relent, no access was given to any
“ of Somerset's friends, and the prince was
“ kept from reflection by a continued series
“ of occupations and amusements. At last
“ the prisoner was brought to the scaffold on
“ Tower-hill, amidst great crowds of spec-
“ tators, who bore him such sincere kindness,
“ that they entertained to the last moment
“ the fond hopes of his pardon. Many of
“ them rushed in to dip their handkerchiefs

“ in his blood, which they long preserved as
“ a precious relique ; and some of them soon
“ after, when Northumberland met with a
“ like doom, upbraided him with this cruelty,
“ and displayed to him these symbols of his
“ crime. Somerset, indeed, though many
“ actions of his life were exceptionable, seems
“ in general to have merited a better fate ; and
“ the faults which he committed were owing
“ to weakness, not to any bad intention.”

HUME'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

Chapter xxxv.

Somerset fell in the year 1552.

LACY HOUSE.

MR. Angus, the proprietor and engraver of Views of the Seats of the Nobility and Gentry in England and Wales, was some time since employed in making a sketch of *Lacy House*, situated on the delightful banks of the Thames, between Isleworth and Twickenham.

While thus engaged, he observed, at some little distance, a person of a genteel appearance, whose attention seemed divided between the paper on which the artist was tracing his subject, and the subject itself.

The gentleman at length advanced; begged to view the outline; returned it, with a genteel apology, for what he was pleased to term an intrusion; and, after saying that he was a few years back master of the mansion, with a melancholy air, took his leave.

When the engraving from Mr. Angus's drawing was finished, that gentleman, with the proof impression he favoured me with, inclosed an account of the circumstance just related; and which occasioned the following stanzas.

Poor Lacy ! well ; all good is merely chance :
 All sublunary good at best's precarious :
 While fools and wise men join her mazy dance ;
 Fortune will have her crotchets wild and various.

Her gipsy daughter, where he turn'd, pursu'd :
 With varied ills she laid her artful trains ;
 But, though despoil'd of every former good,
 With Lacy still the *gentleman* remains.—

When life was young, on Thames's verdant banks,
 I've sportive play'd full many an hour away :
 Join'd with my fellows in the thousand pranks,
 Which mark, of life, the early halcyon day.

Therefore well known to me the *real* scene ;
 Therefore more priz'd *with me* the *figur'd* view ;
 Presenting nature, charmingly serene,
 With all her varied objects clear and true.

Angus, my worthy friend, I wish thee well,
 I wish thee too, good store of shining pelf ;
 And as I wish thy dainty work to sell,
 I would advise thee, sometimes draw *thyself*.*

Thy Lacy House displays both taste and skill ;
 The pencil cannot be in better hands :
 The banks of Thames, near Richmond's lovely hill,
 Is rich in charming seats and cultur'd lands.

* This View was the first in the work, drawn by Mr. Angus.

O'er the lov'd landscape stretch thy wond'ring view,
And, as thy mind's impress'd, thy subject give;
With renovated powers thy task *renew*,
Assured that every scene, with taste, shall live.

By silver Thames pursue thy winding way,
From Richmond's shades to Kingston's ancient
town:

Full many a villa decks its borders gay,
The picturing which would raise thee fair renown.

Where art, in love with nature, o'er the scene,
In varied modes delights to prove her skill;
To smooth the rising lawn's delightful green,
Or gaily fringe the borders of the rill.

Where Nature bland assists the pure design,
And bids her flow'rets bloom, her verdure smile:
To art's fair hand their forms and sweets resign,
To deck her walks and gay paterres the while:

The while those fragile forms and sweets remain,
To please the roving eye, and scent the grove;
Where odour-charged by Flora's simple train,
Is rais'd the rural Fane to truth and love.

Fair Richmond, in thy park, and on thy hill,
And o'er thy gentle meads outspread below,
I've rovd, indulging fancy's dreams, at will;
And fancy's dreams have often med'cin'd woe!

Dear haunts of early youth, you've still the power,
The balmy power of soothing mental pain :
On memory's tablet, till life's latest hour,
Remain, dear haunts of early youth, remain.

ON A
CELEBRATED PICTURE
OF
MISS FARRER.

Incas'd in fur ; as shrinking from the blast ;
Midst scenes that glow with all that summer
yields,
Where not a cloud the sky has overcast,
Where blooms the garden, smiles the distant
fields ;

We know thee, Farren, by thy lovely face :
But sure the artist ought to shew some cause,
Why thus he sins against all truth and grace,
Why thus he turns his back on Nature's laws ;

Why thus, pale, shiv'ring, on a summer's day,
He paints Thalia's child, all sportive fair and gay.

ON HEARING A CONCEITED PAINTER
AT THE LAST EXHIBITION OF PICTURES AT
SOMERSET PLACE,

EXPRESS HIS TASTELESS SENTIMENTS ON

BEECHY'S

Mrs. SIDDONS, AS THE TRAGIC MUSE.

REYNOLDS a matchless Siddons gave to view ;
Enthron'd in terrors as the Tragic Queen.
And sure the cunning of his art he knew,
And sure a better picture ne'er was seen.
But must the muse be ever drest in terrors ?
For ever plac'd 'midst scenes of death and woe ?
Fastidious critic pray renounce such errors ;
Such strange conceits thou jaundic'd elf forego.

Beechy, thy speaking picture does thee honour ;
From bland variety thou'st caught a grace ;
Thou giv'st the lady with her *smiles* upon her,
And faith I ne'er beheld a sweeter face.
Wherein each feature speaks the marking mind,
True to the genius of the living soul ;
Where feeling, taste, and truth, are all combin'd,
To grace thy work and animate the whole.

TO Mr. RICHTER,

ON THAT GENTLEMAN'S EMBELLISHMENTS TO HIS
MAGNIFICENT EDITION OF
MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

DECK'D in the vestment of enchanting green,
Bloom'd Eden's fertile vales, and twilight
groves;

Where our first parents, happy and serene,
Resided, with the Graces and the Loves.

Of good and evil, free to make his choice,
Poor Adam soon concluded on the last;
Led to his bane by Eve's enticing voice,
And that, ere many blissful days had pass'd.

Thus tempted, Adam broke the law divine,
Impress'd, no doubt, by Eve's alluring sway,—
Supposing, Richter, *his* fair Eve like *thine*,
For Eves like *thine*, we see not ev'ry day.

The serpent's beauty caught the lady's eye,
She found the creature sensible and civil;
Poor thing! suspecting little by-and-by
To find she'd held a meeting with the devil!

As little thought her Adam, when he rose,
And found the lady napping by his side,
That so much loveliness would cause such woes,
That he should fall through such a beauteous bride!

Richter, *thy* Eden is a pretty place ;
 I like thy scene where lovely Eve is sleeping !
 And, from its soul, its harmony, its grace,
 In thy night visions thou hast sure been peeping,
 Continue thus to deck thy witching page ;
 To raise thy monument for other days ;
 Thy scenes shall live beyond the present age,
 And future amateurs resound thy praise.

SONNET,
 TO A SORROWING SISTER.

WHEN Genius suffers from the darts of Care ;
 When female loveliness is doom'd to mourn ;
 When the true heart is wedded to despair,
 And the lorn maid attempts the untried bourn :
 The untried bourn, from whence there's no return,
 To tell the secrets of the dark unknown ;
 To pallid friendship weeping o'er the urn,
 Or pensive gazing on the sculptur'd stone :
 What heart so callous to withhold the sigh ?
 What orb so springless to refuse the tear ?
 When sorrowing beauty thus is doom'd to die,
 While ev'ry Muse hangs pensive o'er its bier ;
 Flings the wild flowret in the new-made grave,
 O'er which the sullen cypress dark-green branches
 wave !

Mr. BELLAMY returns his grateful thanks to the subscribers. It might be deemed impertinent to enter upon a statement of the unforeseen causes which have occasioned upwards of a year's delay in the delivery of his Miscellanies.

All he shall add is, that he has (in hope of making some amends) presented them with *three* expensive embellishments, instead of *two*, originally promised; and that the manuscript of the proposed volume, containing *an account of his several* SPRING EXCURSIONS, *with the late* Mr. WILLIAM PARSONS, will be put to press so soon as there are NAMES sufficient to promise a return of the expence of printing, &c.

Should they fall short of that expectation, by the end of April next; all subscription money at that time in his hands, will be returned.

Mr. Parsons, I have the honor to thank you for the
information you have given me regarding the
proceedings of the committee on the
subject of the proposed

bill. I have the honor to inform you that the
committee has decided to report in favor of the
bill, and that the bill will be introduced in the
House of Representatives on the 1st of next month.
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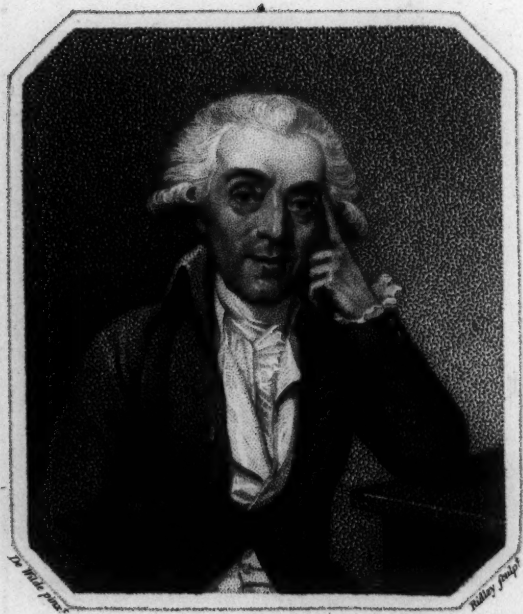
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WILLIAM PARSONS, COMEDIAN.

Born in Bow Lane, London; 29 Feb.^r 1736.

Died in Meads Row, Lambeth, 3 Feb.^r 1795.

Buried in Lee Church Yard, Kent. 15 Feb.^r 1795.

*Engraved from the last painting to which M. Parsons
sat in the Spring of 1794.*

Published as the Act directs by Thomas Bellamy N^o 32, Maiden Lane Covent Garden. June 1795.

THE
L I F E
OF
MR. WILLIAM PARSONS,
COMEDIAN.

WRITTEN BY
THOMAS BELLAMY.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED
HIS DRAMATIC CHARACTER,

BY
JOHN LITCHFIELD, Esq.

AND A
LETTER OF INTELLIGENCE,

FROM
CHARLES DIBDIN, Esq.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
AND SOLD AT HIS MUSIC, PRINT, PAMPHLET, AND STATIONARY
WAREHOUSE,

NO. 12, KING-STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1795.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

THE
LIFE
OF
MR. WILLIAM PARSONS

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CHARLES DODGE

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AND SOLD AT MR. HODGKINS, FINE ARTS AND STATIONERY
DEPARTMENT, 10, MARK LANE, LONDON.
1850.
[Copies at Stationery Hall.]

THE LIFE
OF
Mr. WILLIAM PARSONS.

IN giving the following particulars of Mr. PARSONS, the friend of my adverse hour, and the companion of my heart, I do no more than obey an injunction laid upon me by one who has not left his better behind him.

Raised by his abilities to the foremost rank in a profession he did so much honour to, he many years before society had to regret his loss, was enabled to live in a state of domestic comfort.

His early outset in a profession at the best precarious, was marked by the most rigid œconomy; when his means were small, he contrived to live within them; never exceeding the bounds which an honest principle had marked out. Thus, when fortune smiled and her favours were rendered more abundant, he had not to rob the present hour to answer the demands of the past.

No man knew the value of money better, and no man would part with it more readily upon proper occasions: his study was ever to avoid ostentation and parade; he looked alone to the approbation

of his own heart; which, by attending to the claims of humanity, was every passing year enriching the stores of retrospection, on which the worthy banquet in the hour of silent retirement.

To the public this life of its old favourite is presented; and by way of preface, I pay this tribute to his memory. In occasional encomiums I shall not be swayed by any partial consideration; the dead cannot be flattered, and I feel no inclination to flatter *the living*.

Mr. WILLIAM PARSONS was born on the twenty ninth of February, 1736. At that period his father followed the business of a carpenter in Bow Lane, Cheapside; and, although his circumstances were, as the phrase runs, but middling, still, the dictates of good sense, and, what is more, the feelings of a good parent, determined him on giving to his little namesake a good education. "Money," said the old man, "will do every thing; education *something*; and perhaps will for this boy, on a future day, when the power of farther endeavours is denied to his father."

In that garden of emulative genius, St. Paul's school, the intelligent mind of young PARSONS expanded beneath the hand of culture; study was his de-

light; his improvement rapid; and the encomiums of his teachers kept pace with deserts which ranked him high in their estimation. They, no doubt, were proud of a scholar whose brilliant talents and strict application bade fair to render him conspicuous in a world on which he was so soon to enter; and where those talents would confer additional lustre on that noble seminary, from whence so many ornaments to this favoured isle have drawn their first instruction.

At this very early period he discovered a taste for the productions of dramatic writers; his hours of leisure were employed in consulting their beauties; all his pocket-money was engaged in their purchase; and many a time and oft has he made the school-room resound to the pleadings of Anthony, the oratory of Brutus, and the rage of Richard, to the delight and astonishment of his youthful peers, and not unfrequently to the peculiar satisfaction of his masters.

I have at this time the happiness to know a gentleman who sat on the same form with the subject of these pages, and who has confirmed the remarks just made: "His disposition," says he, "was lively and captivating, his drollery and good nature endeared him greatly to his fellow boys;

while with his masters he was ever treated as a distinguished favourite."

The views of Mr. PARSONS for his son went no farther than to settle him in a line of life wherein he might gain a future livelihood; accordingly, at the age of fifteen, the young gentleman became a pupil under the late Sir HENRY CHEESE, a surveyor of no small repute at that time.

But the rule and compass by no means squared with inclinations which were bent another way; and young PARSONS was very soon heard to remark among his youthful acquaintance, "CHEESE may draw his plan, and I may draw mine; but one thing is clear, we shall not long draw the same way."

The truth was, the stage, with all its gay delusions, occupied his thoughts; a speech from his favourite, SHAKESPEARE, "The god of his idolatry," was to him more to be prized than the most elaborate specimen of the surveyor's skill; and his warm and glowing fancy set a much higher value on *one* line from the bard of Avon, than on a thousand of Sir HENRY'S.

POWELL and HOLLAND, who afterwards graced the boards of Old Drury, at this period ranked

among the acquaintance of Sir HENRY's pupil, whose mind was too congenial to their own, not to render their parties at once captivating and instructive, in the walk which he had marked out for himself to tread on, and on which all his thoughts were engaged.

In the society of his new friends, time passed rapidly away, "No dull stinting hours we own," their motto; and "how merrily we live", their vaunt.

Sir HENRY CHEESE, whose opinions by no means corresponded with those of his pupil, did not altogether approve of his habits and connexions, estimating time on a very different principle; he made but small allowance for the vivacity of youth and genius, the latter, in his judgment, extending no farther than a man's business and interests.

Heavy complaints were accordingly carried to the father, who united with the surveyor in disapproving of his son's conduct, and, most devoutly wishing in the possession of his infernal majesty, theatres, and all that belonged to them.

On the account of dissatisfaction between Sir HENRY and young PARSONS, the balance remained pretty equal, and the former came in for his full

share of notice at the convivial meetings before alluded to.

Disagreements between the parties becoming more and more frequent, young PARSONS formed the hasty resolve of quitting one profession he was never attached to, for another to which he was.— This resolve he communicated to his acquaintance, remarking with his wonted pleasantry, " Though I run from *Cheese*, I fear not meeting with *bread*." This piece of pleasantry was highly relished by the company ; the glass circulated freely ; never was a set of jovial spirits *more* jovial, or better pleased with each other ; and, when they broke up, bumpers were filled and held up with success to THE RESOLVE.

The places where POWELL and HOLLAND had set up their standards theatrical, were the Bird Cage in Wood Street, and the Horns in Doctor's Commons:—places, it is presumed, still fresh in the memory of some of my readers, who honour this page with their attention. Their partizans were numerous, and of a far more respectable description than that which attaches to the spouting clubs of the present day. It was now that the young adventurer applied himself seriously toward the attainment of a profession on which depended his future fame and fortune. HOLLAND, who had re-

mained firmly attached to the Horns, was induced to pay frequent visits at the Bird Cage, accompanied with the flower of his party, to witness the excellence displayed by PARSONS; who, strange as it may now seem, figured away the Romeo and Richard of the evening.

The time at length arrived which gave him an opportunity to make a more public display of his talents at a benefit representation of King Lear, given in the year 1756, at the little theatre in the Haymarket, in which he played the part of Kent, and POWELL that of the bastard. The opinion of the audience on this early trial of the youthful candidates ran in favour of PARSONS, who was allowed to be the better tragedian of the two.

From this period, POWELL looked up to PARSONS for instruction, and upon the good sense, and just conception of the latter, a ground work was laid, on which POWELL (whose career of glory was so soon run) raised a fame, not soon to be forgotten by those who have witnessed his performances, which took place about eight years after, under the patronage of Sir ROBERT LADBROOKE, when he surprised and charmed the town, by his exquisite pictures of SHAKESPEARE'S Lear, and other parts of the first rank in the British drama.

GARRICK was in Italy when this theatrical star first performed *Lear*, in the season of 1764, at old Drury, whose walls resounded to his praise. I could occupy many pages upon the merits of this gentleman; but, as it is, I can only be justified in this cursory mention of them, as they lead me to notice, what PARSONS has often observed in conversations upon this subject, that a more awkward attempt at tragedy could not be than POWELL's at the beginning, and that the time he took in perfecting him, was seven years; while seven years experience induced *himself* to renounce the cause of *Melpomene*, and take up that of *Thalia*.

His propensity for the stage increased daily, and at length surmounted every other consideration. It had been materially strengthened by the many encomiums which were passed on his abilities in his darling pursuit: in vain Sir HENRY advised him to turn his mind to building on solid ground, instead of raising fabrics in the air; in vain his father exerted his authority; the natural bent of his mind broke the bonds of control, and at length he took of his father and master what is vulgarly termed *French leave*.

And now, the world was all before him; while in respect to pecuniary matters, he was not entirely without resources; as several picture dealers had for

some time been in the habit of employing him in painting small landscapes, in which he displayed very decent execution, much judgment, and no small portion of taste and fancy. Of his excellence in the imitative art on canvass a celebrated landscape painter of that time was so sensible, that he employed him on subjects which went under that artists name, without any diminution to the respectability of his professional character.

It has been said that however praise worthy his landscapes might be, his principal forte lay in fruit. When questioned upon this head, he would reply, " It may be true, but when I could get few to bite at my pines and peaches ; my figs and filberts ; my grapes and gooseberries ; and my currants and codlings ; why I dabbled in *houses* and *lands* and thrived better." Of his excellence in fruit-pieces, some specimens which he retained in his own possession till his death bore ample testimony ; but it is evident from his employing himself wholly in landscape for many years previous to that mournful event, that his inclination leaned from the first toward that species of painting. This opinion I am the more justified in forming, from my requesting, on his proposing to leave me a something for remembrance, in the course of last summer, that he would give me a *fruit-piece* instead of a landscape : his reply was, " No, no, don't ask me, I've lost the knack." In a few days, how-

ever (for he was very rapid in execution) he produced for my choice *fruit* and *landscape*, when taking up the former, he exclaimed, "It won't do, it won't do, B—— you sha'nt have it:" saying which he drew his brush across the canvass, and gave me the *landscape*, which I now have, and which I shall never with my own consent be induced to part with.

To return to my narrative.—After many ruminations on the important subject, the young adventuring truant fixed on the York theatre as the place of trial; and there he experienced those plaudits in Southampton, in the Earl of Effex, which raised his hopes so high, as to confirm him in his resolves in persevering in a trial on which they were all embarked.

Every time he appeared before the York audience his reception became more and more warm: his manager passed upon him those compliments which he found it much to his interest to make, and appointed him to the first parts in tragedy and genteel comedy.

Youthful as he was; the strong conception of his author; his marking delivery of that author's noblest flights; the originality of a manner true to nature, and entirely his own, rendered him of the utmost consequence: but on the York boards Mr.

PARSONS remained not long ; Fame blew her trump before him, and Edinburgh soon courted his presence : terms at once liberal and flattering were listened to and accepted, and in this city he remained nearly six years, much admired as a performer, and equally so as a man.

It has been remarked with a propriety which all who experience its absence must acknowledge, that " health is our best companion ;" Mr. PARSONS had for some time experienced a very serious drawback on his repose, occasioned by an asthmatic complaint which he contracted when just turned of nineteen, and which accompanied him with symptoms more or less alarming through an existence which although short of the Scriptural age of man, may yet, on this melancholy account, be considered as a long one.

This severe affliction originated in the following manner : Upon some particular occasion he was detained at the house of a friend, who lived a few miles from Edinburgh, where his name was in the bills for the evening, till within an hour or two of the drawing up of the curtain. The day had been wet and stormy, and strong entreaties were used for his remaining where he was ; but to which he turned a deaf ear, and walked through a heavy rain to the theatre. Arriving there, he instantly went to his dressing room ; prepared for the part he had to suf-

tain, and went on the stage; refusing to take any thing that might prevent the bad effects of cold, which fixed upon him that night, with great severity, and did not quit him till it had produced the afflicting malady before alluded to. This malady made its slow but sure inroads on his constitution, and at length terminated an existence it had at different intervals materially imbibtered.

Mr. PARSONS had hitherto been employed in the service of Melpomene; but now a circumstance took place which drew him over to that of Thalia. Mr. STAMPER, whose powers in the comic line rendered him a favourite, was now induced to quit the Edinburgh stage for that of Dublin. The part of the Miser was taken up at a very short notice by Mr. PARSONS, and the audience expected little more than a reading; but, to their surprise, he sustained every scene with increasing excellence, and when the curtain fell, STAMPER was no longer regretted, nor would his appearance after this evening have been welcomed, had he returned to the part.

Mr. PARSONS continued playing with varied success, till Mr. GARRICK, who was ever on the look out to enrich his company, heard of his excellence, and particularly of his merit in portraying the characters of old men, in such a way as to make him desirous of bringing those abilities to trial, on the

boards of his own theatre, which he had heard so much of while displaying on those of another.

Upon the representation of his friends, Mr. PARSONS repaired to London, and gave the meeting to the little manager. Terms were agreed upon, and in the early part of the season 1761-2, he trod for the first time the boards of a London theatre as Filch in the Beggars' Opera: his wife, to whom he had been married a few years, appearing on the same night as Mrs. Peachum: but which character she did not long retain, although her performance was superior, in the opinion of many, to that of Mrs. LOVE, who succeeded her in it.

The success of this evening exceeded his most sanguine expectations; GARRICK passed upon his performance the highest encomiums, and with the town he was, on a few repetitions, firmly established.

The parts of old men had for some time been shared between YATES and WESTON; but when PARSONS exhibited the antiquarian *Perriwinkle*, in *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*, and the amorous alderman *Smugler*, in *The Constant Couple*; his personifications, even at that early day, were thought to be little inferior to the happiest efforts of the gentlemen just mentioned:—to insert they were equal would be ad-

vancing more than truth could justify, or on the score of probability judgment could conceive.

Mr. GARRICK was fully sensible of the acquisition he had gained, in his new performer, who experienced from that distinguished ornament to the British stage the most flattering marks of attention and of friendship.

On this account, his attachment to his manager became at once sincere and lasting; of this attachment he gave the most unequivocal proof, in rejecting the golden proffers held out to him from Dublin; and proffers that to a selfish mind must have carried weight. In the present world, such firmness and generosity are somewhat rare, but of Mr. PARSONS with truth it may be recorded, that, no one weighed moral obligation between man and man with a hand more steady, or a heart more pure.

His friend POWELL was not long after him, in appearing before a London public as a candidate for its favour. Of this gentleman's performances I have already made mention, and have only to observe, that when the tragedian went over to Covent Garden theatre, the comedian refused to follow his example, although all the advantages that could possibly accompany such a removal were held forth in a manner the most alluring.

Nor must another mention be omitted, in which he displayed an independence of mind, worthy the imitation of performers on the winter theatres, should like occasion offer. I mean his refusing to quit the boards of Old Drury, when, in order to strengthen certain representations, at the commencement of R. B. SHERIDAN's management, the excellence of both houses was united. Such laudable conduct evinced not only his modesty, but his generosity: his modesty, by not obtruding himself in the place of another, where he conceived he had no right; and his generosity, in considering the rising performer, whose chance of getting forward would thus be materially checked; as the want of practice must ever prove a serious drawback on professional endeavours.

Mr. PARSONS in the course of a few seasons in London, had realized sufficient to enable him to take a share in the Bristol theatre, in company with REDDISH and CLARKE; but either from the trouble and anxiety naturally attached to such a concern, or from the mildness of a disposition ill suited to the task of a country manager, he soon grew weary of his situation, and in three years relinquished it.

On the close of the seasons of Drury Lane, Mr. PARSONS, for several summers, played at Liverpool, and other places, in company with his friend Mr.

JOHN PALMER, to whom I am indebted for the following relation.—A performer named ANDERSON, who was of a lethargic habit, and, on that account, nick-named *heavy Anderson*, being advised to ride out, was one day met by our comedian about a quarter of a mile from Liverpool, leaning over the neck of his horse in a sound sleep. The beast at the same time, by the slowness of his pace, seemed as if half inclined to take a nap likewise. PARSONS, with great deliberation, took gentle hold of the bridle, and led the nodding beast and its sleeping rider, into a certain square place secured with wooden rails, and vulgarly called—the *pound*. In this situation poor ANDERSON was roused from his slumbers by the noise of the rabble who would not suffer him to quit his “*durance vile*,” till Dapple and himself had stood the jeers of man, woman, and boy, for a full hour; at the end of which some friends, who wished to relieve him from his distress, were suffered to remove him from his state of purgatory.

On some future occasion, I may be induced, if fortune and encouragement permit, to lay before the public, a volume of original anecdote, respecting its lost favourite: my own wishes would lead me to do so in the present instance; but as my means are confined, I dare not venture, as yet, on speculation. I shall, therefore, having brought my

subject to a spot where (a few excursions excepted) he remained stationary till his death; pass on to the commencement of an intimacy between him and myself, which ended in a friendship equally unfeigned on both sides.

When GARRICK took his leave of the mimic scene for ever, PARSONS felt much on the occasion. Of that matchless performer he would often remark, that his powers, great as they once were, were then in their wane. "GARRICK," said he, "was sensible of this unpleasing truth, and has often said, 'PARSONS I will take my leave of the town, before its gradual absence whispers that falling off, of which I am but too conscious: this is one of JOHNSON'S good natured hints, but I'll profit by it.'"

However high in estimation GARRICK was held by my lost friend, he entertained of FOOTE far different sentiments; he gave to him all his praise as a wit, and as a mimic; but, as a comedian and a man, he used to remark, "the less said the better."

As a manager, GARRICK, with all his faults, will never be forgotten by those who formed any part of his company. To those who ranked high in their profession their situation was insured to them; nor were they removed from it except in cases of long

illness on the one hand, or bad conduct on the other. I have often heard PARSONS dwell on GARRICK's memory, with all the enthusiasm of gratitude for recollected benefits, and often have I seen the starting tear glisten in the eye it graced, on mention of the death of his early patron and his constant friend.

Some time before our acquaintance commenced, Mr. PARSONS had quitted a small cottage situated in Saint George's Fields, which had served him for many years, as a summer retreat; and took up his fixed residence in a house which he built for that purpose. This mansion stood by itself, till he purchased some ground adjoining, on which he raised several small but neat tenements, to let at low rents, and thus created a little neighbourhood about him.—Some time after, other buildings were continued to the road, forming a neat range christened Mead's Row, and overlooking the garden of the Asylum. "With no other drawback upon their *comfort*," some may say, "than a *stinking ditch*;" which I must own is at times rather unpleasant, at the end fronting the Apollo Gardens, but on that on which Mr. PARSONS erected his own house, I have not found it in the smallest degree offensive.

In the course of a work known by the name of The General Magazine and Impartial Review, I

gave an account of Frog-hall. This publication was planned and conducted by myself for near six years. On the cause of its decline I could say much, but such mention would be foreign to my present purpose;—nor do I feel disposed to expose those who are now conscious of their error in obliging me to alter an original plan which succeeded beyond my warmest expectations. The aid of Mr. PARSONS, in decorating its monthly numbers, was material:—several of its volumes are enriched with views from his own drawings; but the view which accompanied the following extract, descriptive of Frog-hall, was from a drawing by WOOLLETT, engraved by his pupil ELLIS.

“ This picturesque little spot, adjoining CURTIS’S
 “ botanic garden, St. George’s Fields, was not
 “ unaptly so named by Mr. PALMER, the comedian,
 “ and was PARSONS’S summer retreat for near
 “ twenty years. So far is this place from laying
 “ claim to consequence, that PALMER used to re-
 “ mark, it had a nine-pin alley for a fore-ground,
 “ a pigs-sty for a distance, and a wash-hand basin
 “ for a fish-pond: yet, however small that claim,
 “ still Mr. WOOLLETT, the first artist in his day, con-
 “ sidered it as an object worthy of his pencil. It
 “ was on this piece of water that WOOLLETT used
 “ to exercise himself daily, in a small boat or punt,
 “ and gave a whimsical name to every corner of

“ it. The landing place he called *Pickle-berring*
 “ *stairs*; a building covered with grape-vine, *Kew*
 “ *Palace*; a sty behind the structure, *Sir Joseph's*
 “ *Piggery*; and a little smoaking room, *Sir Walter*
 “ *Raleigh's Hall*.—We cannot close this short arti-
 “ cle without regretting that so little has been said
 “ of a gentleman to whom the world is so greatly
 “ indebted. But we trust that monuments will
 “ yet be erected to the memory of a WOOLLETT,
 “ a GARRICK, and a JOHNSON. As to PARSONS,
 “ he says, that, when he dies, he will be contented
 “ with a *sixpenny slate*.”

The name of Frog-hall has, by mistake, been given by many to the house in Mead's Row.

Mr. WOOLLETT was a native of Maidstone, in Kent. Mr. PARSONS first became acquainted with him while on a visit to his mother, who had retired to that town on the death of her husband, and where she died a few years since much regretted by the small circle of her friends; for she lived to herself, enjoying that repose which age requires, but which it does not always find.

For the last five summers of Mr. PARSONS's life, it was his custom to make excursions to different places, in which I constantly accompanied him.—Our first trip was to Margate; and never before

had I scented salt water, and experienced the *elegant* accommodation of a Margate hoy.

I may not say with the old ballad, " 'Twas in the merry month of May," for, alas, this May was a mournful one indeed. At eight in the morning we sailed from Billingsgate; but winds unfavourable to our course, at four in the afternoon, had wafted our bark no farther than Deptford, and the captain, to add to our *satisfaction*, informed us we must go ashore, and there wait till seven in the evening for a forwarding gale.

Although of no avail, many murmurs arose among the passengers; two boats full, including PARSONS and myself, were in a few minutes landed at the town just mentioned; when quitting the boats, we proceeded to a public house, the owners of which seemed more attentive to taking the money of their visitors than to giving them value received for the same.

My poor friend, though but just recovered from a serious attack of his disorder, had been in remarkable good spirits through the day: but, as the evening came on, cold and lowering, he yielded to the solicitations of a gentleman who was going to Canterbury, and who very politely made him the offer of half a chaise. The time arriving for our going

on board, I took my leave of my companion, after fixing on a house at Margate, and promising to meet each other the next day on the pier.

The night proved worse than the day—the rolling of the vessel alarmed us all; and, notwithstanding the sharpness of the air, the tempest was rendered the more alarming, being accompanied by thunder and lightning. The few which remained on deck, now went below; there however, I found it impossible to remain, for reasons which all who have been in a like situation may easily conceive.

Not experiencing the usual effects of the salt water, and willing to escape from those who were now suffering severely under it, I returned to the deck. As it was with difficulty I could preserve my footing, I listened to the advice of the captain, and sat down by the side of the gallery, to which I was bound with ropes, in order to prevent my falling overboard, should I chance to nod upon the spot I had determined not to quit till called from it to land at the destined port.

In this situation I found sufficient room for contemplation. A stranger before to any expanse of water exceeding that at Chelsea-reach, I viewed the turbulent and rolling waste I now moved on, with awe and admiration. At intervals the waves seem-

ed as if on fire, and this appearance the captain said, was not unfrequent at certain times.

By seven in the morning I viewed the white and rugged steeps of Margate; by nine landed on its pier; and with a natural curiosity, rambled over the town till two, when I was joined by Mr. PARSONS.

After dinner we both proceeded to the sands, and visited the caverns formed in the cliffs by the force of the sea: many of these recesses are exceedingly wild and grotesque.

In one of them, more remarkable than any I had visited in its formation and depth, I found, to my extreme dread and surprise, an animal extended at a length not less than nine or ten feet! I observed this tremendous object while at some distance from it; and instantly turning back to PARSONS, who was busy in pulling up sea-weed, I advised him to accompany me in retreating as soon as possible, "We will," said PARSONS dryly, "if you please; and the gentleman pleases at the other end."

Not feeling ourselves disposed to hazard the waking of this amphibious unknown; we proposed making the best of our way to the pier, and warn all we met of their danger; "For truly," said PARSONS, "I must be free to confess, I do not

altogether like the cut of his honour's maw, with its double range of *snaggery*." By the last word my dear friend surely meant *teeth*, and as surely my reader thinks so too. I therefore will not occupy a page or two, in imitation of my betters, with reflections on what he might or might not mean; but on with my story.

We had not proceeded far before we met with two gentlemen whose curiosity and daring was so great, as to induce them to take a view in defiance of consequences: "Well then," said PARSONS, "*I say nothing: but this I will say—you are a pair of bold ones—that's all.*"

They had not left us many minutes before we heard the echo of loud laughter proceeding from the den of danger and dismay; on which PARSONS exclaimed, "Surely, the fellow must be awake, and dancing a hornpipe; let's walk back again and see." Approaching the cavern's entrance, the gentlemen who were then coming out, informed us that about three weeks ago a young shark had been thrown on the sands and left there by the sea in so weak a state as to be taken with ease, and exhibited at an inn at Margate till he became offensive, when he was thrown over the cliff near the spot where we found him, unaware, at that time, of his being in a *state of innocence*.

The next morning proving a fine one, and, though in May, a fine morning a rarity; I rose very early and wandered by the sea-side, leaving my fellow traveller to a longer repose than I had taken myself, as standing the more in need of it. I had not walked above a quarter of a mile, before I met with a man who had been a passenger in the hoy, and who during the night had repeatedly visited the deck from below, bending over it in a manner which gave me uneasy sensations, and which manner rendered me doubtful of the state of his mind. He looked and moved the picture of poverty and despair, but passing, he made me a bow with all the courtesy of a gentleman. I looked long after him, but having no silver about me, and from my circumstances, being conscious of no right to offer a *golden* mark of pity, I suffered him to pursue his pensive step unquestioned. At breakfast I mentioned the circumstance to PARSONS, who regretted I had not done it sooner, and taking out his purse from whence he drew *two guineas*, exclaimed with some degree of eagerness, "Let us go and find him!" The search was vain, and PARSONS, with a sigh which did honour to his heart, observed with a countenance at once expressive of pleasantry and of pain. "Aye poor fellow, it is most likely thou art gone after the *shark*!"

How we got to London, whether by land or by

water is immaterial; anecdote is my aim; and I am well aware that in giving the regular course of our peregrination, I should, with great justice, become liable to the censure of extending my pages to a needless length.

To that charming garden, encircled by old Ocean, the Isle of Wight, we bent our course in the spring of 1793. PARSONS had been visited by his old tormenter Asthma, and with an appearance so formidable that indeed small were the hopes of shutting the door against him. But contrary to the expectation of those, who, (with *faces* woe begone, and no doubt with *hearts*, in the same state) had signed his *death warrant*, my dear friend once more recovered, and in the middle of a far finer May than that before mentioned, we took our seats in the Southampton long coach. We had not been in this easy and pleasant machine ten minutes before PARSONS made up one of *his* faces in reply to something said by a talkative counsellor, which was noticed by two out of sixteen who sat, as the phrase runs, *without crowding*, and led to a general discovery of the comedian; who from that moment, till our arrival at Southampton, kept us all in the highest state of glee and merriment. On parting he was obliged to give the promise to two or three of his fellow-travellers to invitations which, I am fully sensible, were made with the greatest sincerity.

We took up our night's lodging at an old mansion by the water side. And which I soon found was the building mentioned by GROSSE as THE WATER GATE: and if all the views in that department of the captain's extensive range of pictured antiquities, denominated those of England and Wales, are equally accurate, the work may be well considered as truly valuable. The morning, for beauty and mildness, answered to the finest descriptions of a THOMSON, or even to those of the divine MILTON. We took our breakfast, by choice, in the kitchen, which was paved with bricks, beside one of which would have looked pale even the Red Lion of Brentford's most glaring majesty. Our company consisted of a few of nature's true children; I felt my mind impressed; and I repeated instinctively; an appropriate portion from that charming poem of GOLDSMITH's, *The Deserted Village*.

The party in the mail boat, which was borne by favouring gales to the island before alluded to, consisted of a boasting Irishman, and two young ladies his country-women. One of these fair ones seemed at no loss to keep up the ball of conversation with the son of Hibernia, while the other who was very beautiful, and equally interesting, occasionally smiled at his flights of fancy; but, it was fully discernible, she did not by any means enjoy them.

About noon we landed at Cowes: PARSONS who had risen before his usual hour, and who had been enabled from a good night's rest, to be very diverting during our enchanting sail, now became somewhat exhausted: I persuaded him to lye down, while I rambled forth to visit such scenery as I never had before beheld, and of which I have probably taken my final farewell.

On my return I found PARSONS regaling upon prawns and ale, in company with a Mr. BALLANTYNE of Saville Gardens, and another gentleman of his acquaintance. With this party it is needless to say I joined in a pleasant repast, luncheon, or what you will. We sat down to an excellent fish dinner about four: that over, and a cheerful glass gone round, Mr. BALLANTYNE, Mr. PARSONS, and myself, stepped into the packet boat, then on its return to Southampton: when we had got about a quarter of a mile from the shore, a dead calm held us stationary. Nothing could exceed in beauty the splendour of the heavens, and the appearance of the seas unruffled bosom reflecting those splendours. My pen would in vain essay to pourtray a scene at that time perfectly new to me, and which for a space or two, held my senses captive.

When I rose from my reverie, I found PARSONS as deeply engaged as I had been; and without a

word to bestow on his company. BALLANTYNE, and a better companion cannot be, perceiving we were like to remain where we was for some time, soon measured his length on the deck, but not to slumber: "The muse," said he, "inspires me, and I'll pencil down her dictates." PARSONS and myself brought from below a bottle of ale, and some genuine sea biscuit on which we amused ourselves, and laughed at our poet. I say *our* poet, as he soon produced a range of *Hudibrastics* not unpleasantly descriptive of the few happy hours we had spent together. This effusion of ready genius I have by me, and would lay it before my readers, could I assure myself it would be pleasing to the author.

On the approach of night we returned to Cowes, and the following day proceeded in a chaise to Carisbrook castle, laughing all the way at PARSONS's jokes, who was in excellent spirits. Visiting the vestiges of antiquity was one of his hobbies, and we found his remarks at once judicious and entertaining. When we came to examine the well, PARSONS was asked by the man, somewhat stricken in years, who shewed it, if he knew WOOLLETT's picture of General WOLFE?—being replied to in the affirmative, the veteran said, "I stood for my *own* character—the soldier who is supporting the general." PARSONS made no reply, but putting a shilling into the man's hand, for which he was

very thankful, walked away to some other part of the ruin, without speaking a word till he had got at some distance, when he exclaimed: "I have been more satisfied in contemplating the face of my old four-footed friend," meaning the ancient jackass who walks in the wheel of the well, and well known by every visitor, "than in attending to the humbug of that lying old thief." I could not help observing that I was rather inclined to credit the *old thief's* assertion, from the improbability of such a character even thinking of *such* men as WEST and WOOLLETT, much more making use of them in a fabrication.

I thought PARSONS to blame in suspecting the tale of this poor man, who it was evident took a pride in telling it to all comers; and the more to blame, as he told it with modesty, and, in himself, bore the marks of a veteran who had seen service, and might, on that account, be placed in the situation in which we found him. But the best of us err at times; and where is the man without his failing?

We now took a view of the window from whence the ill-fated CHARLES attempted an escape; as well as of other parts of this extensive ruin. At length we arrived at a high flight of steps, which BALLANTYNE and myself wished to ascend, as they led to a

situation commanding a very fine prospect. We persuaded PARSONS to remain below, but in vain; he would ascend with us: when we had gained, almost, their extreme height, our companion was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and, to add to our distress, the few steps we had yet to pass were in parts loose, and in others broken away, so that our footing, without this alarming let to our progress, was not only unpleasant but rather dangerous.—Fortunately the fit was of short duration, and when it was over we instantly descended, and proceeded to our chaise: PARSONS remaining much indisposed the whole evening, and striving in vain to be, as he well knew how,—entertaining. Having passed another night at Cowes, we left the island, and again landed within two miles of Netley Abbey, in order to take a view of that picturesque and venerable ruin.

Proceeding to a farm house, we bargained with its owner for a ride to the abbey in his tilted cart, and a delightful ride it proved. On examining the remains of this once noble and extensive structure, the fire-place in the kitchen attracted PARSONS's particular attention: standing on its broad hearth, he formed some laughable ideas of the scenes of gluttony in which the monks have been said to indulge themselves. This recollection of good living created an appetite, and, by joint consent, we trundled

into the garden of a decent looking cottage, the mistress of which laid a clean cloth, and soon produced some excellent bacon and eggs, on which we made a hearty meal. Nor was this all, the rustic dame, on inquiry, was found to be in the possession of some *good old red port*, so christened by BALLANTYNE, by whose advice and assistance we made shift to get down two bottles without being either sick or forry.

Paying our reckoning, and mounting our cart, which was as much surveyed as if it had been the lord mayor's state coach, by four of the matron's sun burnt offspring, we proceeded to the ferry and passed over to Southampton. Here my friend looked into the state of his finances, and found them waxing rather low. After regretting that he had not taken better care at setting out, he concluded in applying to the "facetious Caledonian." No sooner said than done, and by Mr. BALLANTYNE's assistance, who was then to leave us, and who very gently refused for some time to take a draft on Mr. PARSONS's banker, we were enabled to prolong our journey.

It was now between six and seven in the evening: therefore taking leave of Mr. BALLANTYNE, whose agreeable society had added greatly to our satisfaction, we were conveyed in a chaise to Salisbury, and

the next morning, after visiting the cathedral, proceeded to Stone-henge. On our way to this mysterious pile, my friend took occasion to censure certain writers who certainly have given accounts of the situation of Stone-henge with a *lying* spirit. "One of these gentry," said he, "tells of giving sixpence to a wandering wretch; who, shaking his head, exclaimed, 'alas! your bounty is of no use here, for I must expire on this waste before I can procure food in exchange for it.' "Now," continued my companion, "I would ask this gentleman, what business his object had in such a place as he describes? But the truth is, and we have witnessed it, that our chaise is now at Stone-henge and it is not ten minutes since we have passed, in all their pride and comfort; wood, water, vegetation, and abode."

I now come upon the melancholy close of a life, marked by few interesting varieties; but supported and rendered *interesting* by strong character and moral rectitude. In due time the virtues, manners, and foibles of a PARSONS, will be displayed more fully: at present I am engaged on his *tablet*, by-and-by I mean to raise his MONUMENT.

I wave, therefore, till then, the mention of many occurrences which happened during our

several excursions to Dover and other places, and which of themselves would form a volume. And, as I never was in the habit of accompanying Mr. PARSONS to the *green-room*, I must of course leave such mention to the *accurate* writer of its ANECDOTES, if such mention prove agreeable to that gentleman's *creative* fancy.

As Mr. PARSONS loved his profession, and acted from Nature, his ideas were ever taken from objects which moved in her circles, and not from those of Fancy. His characters laying in the lower walks of comedy, it was his practice to mix occasionally with company at certain public houses, which might not strictly rank amongst those of the first rate; on this account, and on this only, he has been charged by the ill-judging and illiberal, with preferring the haunts of the middling and vulgar herd, to those of a superior description:—but no stronger proof to the contrary could be given, than his native manners, which were allowed to be markedly worthy of a refined wit and a finished gentleman.

At one of these houses before alluded to, a laughable circumstance took place which exemplifies his passion for imitative landscape; and his strong preference to that great master of the sublime and beautiful, the impressive WILSON.

The artist DE WILDE and myself were engaged to dine with him on a fish dinner at the Black Jack, Clare-Market; the hour three o'clock: some cause, needless to mention, kept me a few minutes beyond my time, and PARSONS somewhat impatient, requested DE WILDE to look after me one way while he went the other. In Stanhope Street, while examining a wretched daubing, the glaring colours of which had attracted my sight, DE WILDE found me; and with some justice accused me with want of punctuality, adding "Why the fish is on the table! PARSONS swears you sha'nt have a mouthful; and he only wants you to be mortified in seeing us devour the cod's head, without admitting you to a taste." To this intelligence I replied that I would engage to procure to myself the first scoop if I pleased.—Conversing on how that would be possible, we proceeded to the dinner table, where fat PARSONS sufficiently out of temper, and repeated the threat made to DE WILDE. I now came forward with my excuse, which was, that at the broker's shop in Stanhope Street I saw a small WILSON just purchased by a gentleman, who told me in a whisper it was worth twenty guineas, but on which the stupid owner had chalked no more than fifteen shillings. PARSONS hastily questioned, "Is he gone?" and being answered in the negative, he drew back his spoon, just ready to divide a portion for his own plate: laid it down; put on his hat; and taking DE WILDE by

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As Mr. PARSONS loved his profession, and acted from Nature, his ideas were ever taken from objects which moved in her circles, and not from those of Fancy. His characters laying in the lower walks of comedy, it was his practice to mix occasionally with company at certain public houses, which might not strictly rank amongst those of the first rate; on this account, and on this only, he has been charged by the ill-judging and illiberal, with preferring the haunts of the middling and vulgar herd, to those of a superior description:—but no stronger proof to the contrary could be given, than his native manners, which were allowed to be markedly worthy of a refined wit and a finished gentleman.

At one of these houses before alluded to, a laughable circumstance took place which exemplifies his passion for imitative landscape; and his strong preference to that great master of the sublime and beautiful, the impressive WILSON.

The artist DE WILDE and myself were engaged to dine with him on a fish dinner at the Black Jack, Clare-Market; the hour three o'clock: some cause, needless to mention, kept me a few minutes beyond my time, and PARSONS somewhat impatient, requested DE WILDE to look after me one way while he went the other. In Stanhope Street, while examining a wretched daubing, the glaring colours of which had attracted my sight, DE WILDE found me; and with some justice accused me with want of punctuality, adding "Why the fish is on the table! PARSONS swears you sha'nt have a mouthful; and he only wants you to be mortified in seeing us devour the cod's head, without admitting you to a taste." To this intelligence I replied that I would engage to procure to myself the first scoop if I pleased.—Conversing on how that would be possible, we proceeded to the dinner table, where fat PARSONS sufficiently out of temper, and repeated the threat made to DE WILDE. I now came forward with my excuse, which was, that at the broker's shop in Stanhope Street I saw a small WILSON just purchased by a gentleman, who told me in a whisper it was worth twenty guineas, but on which the stupid owner had chalked no more than fifteen shillings. PARSONS hastily questioned, "Is he gone?" and being answered in the negative, he drew back his spoon, just ready to divide a portion for his own plate: laid it down; put on his hat; and taking DE WILDE by

the arm, was on the point of proceeding to the brokers, when I undeceived him ; and begged a pardon which was not very readily granted.—However, after a time, loving a joke at his heart, he told me never to pass mine at dinner time again, and the matter ended on all sides in perfect good humour.

MR. DE WILDE is well known as an artist, for his spirited likenesses of most of the principal performers of the London theatres, as well as for his scene in *The Children in the Wood*, in which are given a speaking portrait of young BANNISTER, and another of equal merit, of that little brunette, BLAND. The archness of whose manner has rendered her ever welcome to audiences lately *very indulgent*, in spite of a diminutive form, and a countenance in which beauty owns not a single feature.—But of all the subjects produced by the pencil of this gentleman, his scene in the *Village Lawyer*, including likenesses of PARSONS and young BANNISTER, is considered as his master-piece.

On a very fine day in his *last* September, we took our *last* rural ramble. Leaving the park at Buckingham-gate and pursuing our way along the King's Road, Mr. PARSONS was much struck with the fine appearance of Sloane-Street, viewed from the Square, saying : “ I don't know but I and DOLL may come and live here, I am only losing my health

and teasing myself with the theatre; and, as you say, another winter in that d——d rambling place may knock me up." Leaving Sloane Square, we proceeded along the road to the back of Chelsea-College, stopping at every turn, to view the pleasant mansions, and grounds around them. We came at length to a cottage and garden remarkably rural, which once belonged to a Mr. POTTER, a physician, whose town house was in Tavistock-Street, Bedford-Square. The spot charmed him, and he exclaimed, "Sloane-Street! No, no; this shall be the place if I can get it by-and-by." We took our dinner at a house in Chelsea, after which a coach conveyed us to Kensington-Gardens, which he was delighted with, and said, "I have been in Paris, and other places; and I have traversed gardens much praised by travellers; but believe me, B. here is more taste and beauty displayed in this enchanting boundary than in all of them put together. Indeed I must freely own to you, that in all our movements from place to place, we have not met with more variety and sweeter scenery, than that we have beheld during our little ramble." Ah! little was I aware that he was then taking his final farewell (in respect to the scenic part of her impressive works) of the goddess of his soul, NATURE!

It may not be improper in this place to observe, that the lady mentioned in the late conversation was

Mr. PARSONS's *second* wife, to whom he was married at Lee Church, where his remains are deposited; and that no children blessed the first connubial bed. By the lady he left behind him, he had two sons, the elder of whom died, to the best of my recollection about two years since.

When Old Drury was levelled to the ground, Mr. PARSONS but too frequently observed that he should not long survive the demolition of a fabric, in which he had passed some of his happiest hours. On the completion of the new, he expressed a wish that his health might permit him to play in it. This wish he was enabled to accomplish, and on the new stage performed several of his characters; but, I am sorry to add, to the material injury of a constitution, ill-fortified against chilling winds and damp walls. During the last inclement winter I have frequently lent him my arm from his apartment to the theatre, to which he has gone in a very low state indeed, "I go, BELLAMY," he would say, "to add a little more to the purse I have been long preparing for my wife and my boy, that when I am gone they may find themselves independent of the world.

When he heard of BADDELEY's death, he said, "Poor BADDELEY, he has been long going, but I thought he would have lasted a little longer, however.—Well, well, it will be *the same way*, and *the*

same thing, with *poor* PARSONS one of these days.—It's this winter has done his, and depend on't, it will do my business too." At the time the funeral procession passed the window, he stood at it in a pensive mood, saying little, but appearing absorbed in thought—the tear stood in his eye—I spoke to him—"Let me alone; let me alone;" he replied hastily, his eye following the sable train till out of sight. After a pause, and a sigh, he said, "I'm thinking I might as well have gone with him too; he'd have followed me." The truth is, it was with difficulty that I prevented him from attending the interment, which took place in the forenoon of a severe day, and in the severest winter's depth in the memory of the oldest man living. Had his wish been complied with, the consequences would most likely have proved sudden, and fatal.

On the first day of the year, 1795, I quitted a private apartment for a public shop, and pitched my trading tent in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. For a considerable space of time, previous to this removal, I had been in the habit of seeing Mr. PARSONS every day, and frequently dining with him at his own apartment, or elsewhere, as occasion suited. The first dinner, on my new premises, he had determined should be his treat, as he said, "for luck sake." I was accordingly favoured with his company, and he remained with me in good spirits till

the evening, when he returned to his apartment, regretting much, at parting, that I should now be prevented by my business from seeing him so often as I had done; especially, as during the severe weather he should be prevented coming to me, since he found my apartment much colder than his own. It was now that he repeated his wish that I would say something of him after his death, which he did not think far distant, adding, "I have cheated the doctor's for many years, but they'll cheat me now: I find at this moment an unusual pain, which I cannot describe to you,—so God bless you, and good night." On the Drury Lane bills for the next day, his name stood for Old Dooley, in *Who's the Dupe*, but he was unable to appear in it, and the entertainment was changed to the Englishman in Paris.

The parts which Mr. PARSONS played after this evening, were, *Forefight*, in *Love for Love*, on the 8th of January, 1795; on the 12th, *Lope Tocho*, in the *Mountaineers*; on the 13th, *Elbow*, in *Measure for Measure*; on the 15th, *Money-Trap*, in the *Confederacy*;—and, on the 19th, before an audience, who saw for the last time, (beyond all comparison) the first comedian of his day, he appeared in his favourite character, *Sir Fretful Plagiary*; but illness destroyed his powers:—vain the attempt to rally them;—they were gone forever!

It was truly affecting, to behold the deep concern which sat pictured on the countenances of the audience, when their old favourite felt himself obliged to recline on a chair on the stage, amidst applause, mingled with pity and regret, on the part of that audience, and expressive signals of total decay, on that of the performer. When he came off, he said to Mrs. PARSONS, "DOLL, I come here no more." On his entering his lodging he sat down, and observed that young BANNISTER had been observing him from the side wing; "Well, well," he continued, "he'll play it next time."

On this melancholy warning of speedy dissolution, he left his lodgings in Russell Street, and went to Mead's Row.

A few days previous to that of his death, to the surprise of his attendants, he suddenly determined to rise, dress, and go to a picture-sale at Greenwood's; and in which determination he would not be opposed. When he *was* dressed and ready to be assisted to the coach, Mrs. PARSONS observed that she had not seen him look so well for some time, and was entertaining, as that lady was pleased to tell me, some hopes of his recovery—when, on putting on his upper coat, she was alarmed on letting his arm go, to see it fall to his side as if struck with death.

This was not known to himself, and when in the coach he said, "DOLL, I shall return soon, and tell you all the news." On his way he gave signs to the servant who attended him, of a slight derangement in his mind, for he would stop at the butcher's, and ordered home a large quantity of provision, though his family consisted of no more than three people; on being reminded of which, he expressed himself in terms of much displeasure, and replied he would not be contradicted. Again seated in the carriage, he again became cheerful, and proceeded to Greenwood's, where he saw many of his acquaintance, who complimented him upon his looks and rapid recovery. About four he returned home, and desired something relishing to be prepared; and after taking a more plentiful meal than usual, he remained in apparent ease till six, when he expressed a wish for tea, and was particularly attentive to its preparation: with his tea he likewise eat; congratulated himself in the change he felt for the better; and was laying out a plan for a spring jaunt; when, on a sudden, he exclaimed, "Ah DOLL, it's all over! get me to bed, for I'm dying!"

Being conveyed to his chamber of death, he calmly said to Mrs. PARSONS, (from whose relation I pen these particulars of his last hours)—
 "No crying DOLL, I feel as if an inward fire was

consuming me—kneel down and pray that my sufferings may soon be over.—It's my fear they will not.—I am perfectly sensible, I am equally resigned. I have reviewed my life, and recollect nothing to embitter my last hours.—Mark me, I own a God, I go no further—and that God is merciful!”

His pains now increased, and his contortions were afflicting to behold: at length they subsided for a time, and he said to Mrs. PARSONS, who was dissolved in tears by his side, “If you have the least regard for me, and wish me not to suffer, let me behold you calm. But do not leave me, pray do not leave me: it is bodily, not mental pain I suffer under: I thank my God for all his mercies, who has suffered me to live many years longer than I had any right to expect; by which I have been enabled to leave you and STEWART (meaning his son) an independance.” His pains now came on with great violence, and when they left him he sunk into a dose. Awaking from it, he talked much of having been in heaven among the angels; of having seen his son, his glorious BILL, among them; and that they insisted on having him return instantly. In the midst of these wanderings, a servant brought a picture, which had been sent for Mr. PARSONS to pass judgment on, into the room, to which he had been imprudently admitted. Mrs. PARSONS very

naturally remonstrated on the impropriety of bringing such a subject at such a moment; but the doctor, who was present, advised that the picture should be held up to him. On seeing it, he leaned forward, grasped it in both hands, surveyed it with eagerness, and then, putting it aside, said, "Take it away—take it away—it's not worth one farthing." This circumstance, trifling as it may seem, is an added proof that the ruling passion ends but with existence.

Soon after this the dying man ceased to articulate, so as to be understood, but his eyes remained fixed on Mrs. PARSONS, and followed her as she moved about the room. The nurse, as well as herself, for the last hour, sat by him, with something to apply to his lips, to keep them moist; but this office he only allowed to Mrs. PARSONS. At length his last agonies came on, which terminated—in DEATH!

Mr. PARSONS breathed his last on the third morning of the month of February, 1795.

As it is my intention to bring forward many interesting materials which, for prudent reasons, I at present think proper to keep by me; and which will throw a farther light upon the character of my

lamented friend, I shall only add, that Mrs. PARSONS requested me to write letters to as many theatrical gentlemen as would fill *two coaches*, the better part of whom in a manner that proved their regret and respect for the *deceased* at least, excused themselves; and out of eight which accompanied the corpse to its place of interment, three only were of the theatre. These gentlemen were Mr. COLMAN, Mr. JAMES AICKEN, and Mr. CAULFIELD.

On the fifteenth of February, about noon, the body was conveyed in a hearse and four, followed by two coaches, to Lee church, in Kent, the place of interment. During the burial service, I observed many who appeared deeply affected, and who walked after the mourners to the grave.

Finding myself incapable of expressing all I could wish to include in the narrow compass of an *epitaph*, I applied to my friend, Mr. DIBDIN, who favoured me with the following lines, to be engraved on the stone raised to the memory of the departed, who for many years was in habits of intimacy with the celebrated proprietor of SANS SOUCI.

- “ Here PARSONS lies.—Oft on Life’s busy stage,
 “ With Nature, reader, hast thou seen him vie :
 “ He friendship knew ; knew science ; knew the age :
 “ Respected knew to live—lamented die.”

The following impromptu was likewise written by Mr. DIBDIN.

“ When PARSONS departed, Whim’s favourite child,
 “ Twixt the two scenic muses what hopes and
 what fears!
 “ As he heav’d his last sigh, sad Melpomene smil’d,
 “ And sportive Thalia began to shed tears.”

I should in this place say something of the dramatic character of Mr. PARSONS, had not my friend Mr. LITCHFIELD rendered such mention unnecessary, by his masterly and elegant remarks, which were written at my request, and which are subjoined to these memoirs.

There was a report propagated soon after Mr. PARSONS’s death, as false as it was illiberal!—a report which said, Mrs. PARSONS had taken to herself an *husband* to console her for one she had lost. To those who mentioned this report to me, I always replied, “ That I believed I knew the gentleman to whom some lying paragraphs alluded, and that if the widow waited the *usual time* which decency has fixed for those in her situation, I had no doubt, could my lost friend rise from his grave to do it, he would HIMSELF *give her away*:” —but the lady having thought proper to wait only *half that time*, I have no more to say, but to wish her every *possible* happiness.

It was likewise said, that Mr. PARSONS had not taken care of his *son*: the will, subjoined, must rescue his memory from such an ill-grounded aspersi^on.

WILL of WILLIAM PARSONS, late of the parish of St. Mary, Lambeth, in Surry, deceased: proved the 5th of February, 1795, by DOROTHEA PARSONS, widow; the relict and sole executrix, who swore the personal estate to be under two thousand pounds.

“ He gives his leasehold estate called Stangate,
 “ near Westminster Bridge, held by lease from the
 “ see of Canterbury, together with a small freehold
 “ house and land, at Berstead, near Maidstone, to
 “ his son STEWART PARSONS, his heirs and assigns
 “ for ever:—but if he dies before 21 then to his
 “ wife DOROTHEA:—directs his wife to receive the
 “ rents until his son attains 21, to enable her to
 “ maintain him.—Gives to his wife his leasehold
 “ estate in Mead Place, and Mead Row, near the
 “ asylum, for her life, and after her decease to his
 “ son:—but if he dies in her lifetime without heirs
 “ then to her absolutely.—Gives his wife fifty-nine
 “ pounds per annum, standing in his name in the
 “ bank, and also two small leasehold houses in

“ London Road, what money shall be in the hands
“ of Messrs. HODSOLL and MITCHELL his bankers,
“ and in general all the rest and residue of his estate
“ and possessions.”

Will dated the 19th of December, 1792.

To Mr. DIBDIN, and to Mr. LITCHFIELD, whose
communications are here subjoined, I beg leave to
return my sincere thanks.

THE
DRAMATIC CHARACTER
OF
Mr. PARSONS.

BY
JOHN LITCHFIELD, ESQ.

THE MALIGNITY of human nature will seldom permit an action to speak for *itself*:—It is sure to attach some *motive* to the agent, which, let it have originated as it might, is, by false construction and imaginary argument, distorted into every shape but that which it would, perhaps, naturally assume. No character is more liable to this sort of conjectural blame than THE CRITIC;—however candid or dispassionate he may be, or with whatever views he may sit down to deliver his sentiments on things, persons or manners, his *praise* is directly interpreted into VENAL ADULATION, and his *censure* into MALEVOLENT ABUSE.

POSTHUMOUS criticism is, perhaps, the most profitable. The writer, at least, has an advantage over all illiberal prejudice and unworthy imputation: his object may be *fairly* allowed to be the establishment of TRUTH, and the real estimation of CHARACTER.

I know not if the *Latin* maxim DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM, is on many occasions to be followed: posterity can receive as little good from invariable *praise*, as it would from incessant *reproach*. As example is superior to precept, so much the more should we study to keep it as exact as possible, that what of it is *good* may be readily followed, and what is *bad* industriously shunned.

The writer of this article entertains little doubt, but that the ACTORS of a *future* age, will look back with very anxious curiosity, for the dramatic characters of such as have excelled in the *present*: and, among the objects of their inquiry, PARSONS will, indisputably, not be the *last*. With this conviction, he shall strictly adhere to TRUTH; unbiaſſed by prejudice, and uncorrupted by party, he will deliver his opinion exactly as he forms it; neither exaggerating merits, nor palliating defects; weighing both in the balance of equitable judgment, and leaving the scale to preponderate as it may.

In matters of taste, opinions will obviously clash; it is not to be expected that ONE should decide for *all*; men of sense will intuitively judge for *themselves*; it is necessary, however, sometimes, that the public mind should be directed to a certain point. It is not every one that knows, till he is *told*, what is, or what is not MORALLY right or wrong:—of

what is CRITICALLY just or estimable, there are comparatively but few who have the means of determining.

It is astonishing how few of our best actors have got their fame in the line with which they first *sat out*; one would almost imagine, that Nature delighted to sport with her children, by concealing the designation she had fixed for their talents: or rather, that Fortune took a pleasure in *misleading* blind mortals, in the *outset* of LIFE, that her never-ending caprice might be gratified in restoring them to the *right track*. PARSONS originally turned his thoughts to *tragedy*, and filled a respectable cast of characters, in that line, for some time after his *débüt*: a mere accident led him to assume a *comic* part, one evening, when his success was so much beyond his hopes, that he threw away the dagger and the bowl, and grasped the emblems of the comic muse so firmly, that they clung to him with unshaken constancy to the last moment of his life.

In what are called the OLD MEN of comedy, PARSONS fixed his claim to excellence. There are some *buffo* characters, however, in which he made an unrivalled stand. His *chef d'œuvre* was FORESIGHT in *Love for Love*; after this must be placed CORBACCHIO in the *Fox*, and Sir FRETFUL PLAGIARY in Sheridan's delightful satire.

In speaking of the merits of PARSONS, the critic unfortunately has no means of comparing them with those of another, that he may tell in what they excelled, and where they were surpassed; since there is no living actor who can possibly be *lugged* into any competition with him. He was an undoubted ORIGINAL, both in conception and manner; and if any performer could be said to found a *school of acting*, PARSONS would be the first to lay claim to such an honour; with a fund of genuine *English* HUMOUR, he combined the *Italian* GESTICULATION, and the *French* LOCOMOTION. His whim was incessant, elicited in a thousand different ways, and productive of mirth through a thousand different channels. Such was the eccentricity of his humour, that the laugh he *once* provoked, he could prolong by a variety of stratagems, apparently unforced, till the audience were absolutely *convulsed*, and the actors in the same scene with him incapable of conducting its progress. The difficult *aspirations*, which no doubt were the consequence of the disease that brought him to the grave, he soon learned to adapt to his professional capacity, and thus, what an irritable mind would have made the plea of pcevishness and complaint, PARSONS, with as much good humour as ingenuity, converted to a source of innocent hilarity.

Some people, more ill-natured than considerate, have been willing to sink all the *genuine* qualities of comic humour which PARSONS so richly possessed, in the indiscriminate censure of *buffoonery* and *grimace*; while others, indulging in a contrary extreme, have decreed *that* to be his only merit which was so triumphantly considered as the damnation of his fame. The superciliousness of ignorance is of all vanities the most contemptible. Things valuable and necessary in themselves, are frequently, by the abuses of stupidity and affectation, degraded into terms of ridicule and reproach. The CANT OF CRITICISM has been the bane of all rational analysis; while, from the pride of *one man*, and the impudence of *another*, opinions are daily gaining ground, which if they could be traced to their origin, would be found sheltering themselves behind the broad bulk of a city tobacconist; or swelling the important crest of a west-end vender of *tape*.— If PARSONS was a *mere buffoon*, there NEVER WAS AN ACTOR ON THE STAGE: if grimace was his only merit, HUMOUR and FANCY are *expletives* in the catalogue of dramatic requisites. People have been in the habit of seeing PARSONS in the lowest scum of FARCE, where extravagance is not only *allowed*, but even *looked for* and *admired*; and have immediately exclaimed against the licentiousness of his action, and the unwarrantable distortion of his countenance: forgetting that farce was never *intended* to

be an accurate representation of MANNERS in *life*, or that an actor in it was to preserve all the sobriety and restraint necessary to the chaster exhibitions of comic character. It is not to be denied that PARSONS *could* "outstep the modesty of nature," as well as the best pantomime of this or any former day, but it is equally clear that he could confine himself also *within her rigid pale*, and conform to the strictest demands of her immaculate government. The beauty and perfection of PARSONS, as a comedian, were the variety and *pliability* of his talents. It was to the manager's profit who engaged him, that one night he could give all the *sedate* peculiarities and *quiet* humours of *Forefight* and *Vellum*; and another, the outrageous *bustle* and *fire* of *Lovegold* and *Don Louis*; that, as circumstances required, he could personate the vigilant *guardian*—the drunken *domestic*—the broken-down *debauchee*—the irritable *author*—the wonder-tranced *dictionary gull*—the enraged *father*—the obstinate *master*—and the superannuated *dotard*; and to all these he could give just what *quantum* of purity or burlesque, simplicity or extravagance, character or caricature, his own inclination might prompt, or the nature of the impersonation require. Sometimes, indeed, the warmth of his imagination carried him a little too far, but the audience were oftener more in fault than himself, whose continuity of laughter and applause seduced him into a redundant gesticu-

lation which was always sure, however, to inspire them with the utmost good humour. If I ever felt myself inclined to quarrel with PARSONS on the stage, it was when, with unmerciful and inexcusable pertinacity, he indulged himself in repetitions of a favourite OATH.

In addition to the fame which PARSONS so justly acquired in the characters above enumerated, considerable credit should be given him for several personations of a *different* kind, which he sustained so successfully at Mr. COLMAN's theatre, in the *after* part of his dramatic career. The exquisite humour and character he gave to SHEEPFACE in the *Village Lawyer*, will be remembered when the merits of the *farce* itself can have no claim to any further memorial. It is seldom, indeed, that *one* actor gets much credit in a part written originally for *another*, and recommended to the town by *previous* exertion. Here, however, PARSONS outstript all his competitors, and robbed EDWIN, *for once*, of the *honours* which in every other instance, are securely HIS OWN.

The peculiar merit of PARSONS, has not yet been touched upon, and that is the art of *immersing* himself, as it were, in the character he meant to delineate. An actor thinks himself tolerably proficient if he can get through his part without the assistance

of the prompter, and lend a few common-place artifices to aid the *deceptio visus*; but PARSONS had too vigorous a mind to be contented with this cold assumption of character: he taught his whole SYSTEM to act as well as his *face* and *arms*; he wrapped himself up in a part, and deluded himself by a singular process, into the notion that he was *in reality*, the man he only *feigned* to represent. This it was which graced that SOUL and ANIMATION to his performances, that interested the audience in so powerful a degree. His DRUNKEN MAN was the most astonishing effort of art, perhaps, that the profession ever evinced: every limb, every muscle was inebriated; his eye dulled; his knees tottered; his jaw hung; his tongue faltered; and in short every symptom of *intoxication* was so closely copied, that one would have thought the observation of his *whole life* had been confined to the *distempered devotees* of the JOLLY GOD. Nor did this spirited personation rest *here*: he carried it into every character, he sustained and preserved it amid the pungencies of bodily pain, and the encroachments of infirmity and disease.

The loss of PARSONS to the stage, is at this juncture more particularly an object of serious concern; when the unblushing front of *impudence* supercedes the claim of *modest MERIT*, and *genius*, trodden down

and insulted by managerial caprice, is compelled to crouch at the footstool of *dullness* and IGNORANCE.

Never was there a time when the stage was so wretchedly supplied with performers, or the judgment of the town so deplorably weak, as the present. There seems to be a combination between managers, actors, and the public, to put COMMON SENSE to the *route*, and erect the standard of ABSURDITY on the threshold she has been reluctantly forced to abandon.

A

LETTER OF INTELLIGENCE.

BY

CHARLES DIBDIN, ESQ.

To Mr. BELLAMY.

DEAR SIR,

WHEN I first understood that, at Mr. PARSONS's desire, you were to oblige the world with some of the most material occurrences of his life, I gave you a promise, with particular pleasure, that I would throw together such remarks as an intimacy

of some years with that celebrated character should enable me to make.

In conformity to that promise, and out of respect to a man who had many valuable qualities, and both an understanding and a genius infinitely beyond the common run of his profession, I shall, in a loose way, set down what I think most material concerning Mr. PARSONS, whose life cannot be unacceptable to the public; for indeed they are interested in it, he having abundantly repaid their fostering care, by the repeated pleasure he afforded them, when his abilities, under the influence of that care, had grown to maturity.

I know nothing of the early part of PARSONS's life, nor had I ever learnt that any such person was in existence, till he and his wife performed Filch and Mrs. Peachum, at Drury Lane theatre; which, I believe, was about thirty years ago. It should seem, that GARRICK, at that time, entertained no great opinion of his abilities, by giving him so subordinate a character; and indeed it was said, and I own it appears very probable, that the husband was engaged for the sake of the wife, for as Mrs. CLIVE was then in the zenith of her reputation, and it was a rule, by way of a stroke of good generalship, in GARRICK, always to set up his best performers rivals, to rein, as he used to call it, their high horse with a curb, so

he might fancy that Mrs. PARSONS would turn out of sufficient consequence to awe the towering pride of ambitious KATE; that, at the expiration of her article, she might abate a little of those exorbitant conditions, which she never failed to exact, at the renewal of every agreement. But KATE of Drury Lane, like KATE of Russia, was not to be frightened with squibs; though it must be confessed Mrs. PARSONS was a bouncer. In nothing, however, but in the size of her person, was she superior to Mrs. CLIVE, who, albeit, was no fairy herself. Mrs. PARSONS's abilities were very tiny indeed, and answered no other purpose to GARRICK, than to counteract his own intention, of which advantage there can be no doubt but Mrs. CLIVE profited. He, however, who was never caught out, took care in the end to be well reimbursed; for finding in PARSONS very extraordinary merit, he first secured him upon very *mediocre* terms, and then got rid of the wife altogether, taking care, however, lest PARSONS should get too far a-head, to set him up a rival in HARTRY.

But the merit of PARSONS was not of a kind to be injured by competitorship: it did not consist of quaintness nor servile imitation; it was genuine, and all his own, and though the stage had at that time to boast of SHUTER and YATES, yet PARSONS, in the very same cast of characters, kept a very respectable

stand; for though he had not the irresistible pleasantry of SHUTER, nor the dry judgment of YATES, yet there was such truth in his acting, that there was often SHUTER corrected, and YATES softened.

But what gave the strongest proof of his excellent understanding, was, the judicious choice he made of his characters, which were generally guardians and fathers. Both of these are very unpromising to a performer, but, nevertheless, he brought them to the highest pitch of respectability. Guardians and fathers, in general, in the construction of comedy, are no more than mere mediums to display the superior brilliancy of the other characters; they introduce that humour which others utter, they are the three first lines of the epigram, of which the fourth is the point.

It should seem singular, therefore, that PARSONS made this choice, but his reasons are full of good sense and critical discrimination. He was determined to make that respectable which had been never so considered before, and by studying the pettish peevishness and other passions of old men, and contemplating very probably, in real life, what effect these had on the voice, the face, nay the very gait; he gave so faithful a portraiture of nature, that though the subject was not handsome, it was universally admired for its extraordinary similitude. It

was very common to say, " I never liked this part till PARSONS performed it, there is nothing in it, and yet how interesting he makes it."

Whether GARRICK, from this circumstance, was of the opinion of the miser, " that he who makes something out of nothing, may make a little go a great way," I know not; but certainly from that time he never wrote any thing but he lugged PARSONS into it, and as if all other authors were of the same opinion, almost all the characters of this description for twenty years have not only been filled originally by PARSONS, but they have been attempted by those authors to be heightened in order to receive advantage from the merit of so good a performer: witness his character in *Who's the Dupe*, the *Son-in-Law*, the *Spanish Barber*, and many others.

I don't mean to be understood that all characters of this description are *mediocre*, where they form the principal feature of the piece, such as the Miser, &c. they are capital parts; but those for a time did not fall to PARSONS's lot, for while SHUTER and YATES were in possession of such characters as Don Cholerick, PARSONS was obliged to content himself with Don Manuel, and it is his being able to come forward under these disadvantages, and greatly to outstrip in their own way such veterans

as COLLINS and MARTIN, I mention as a proof of his great merit.

His other characters, which were various and numerous, he performed sometimes with great claim to commendation, and at other times not altogether so much : this, however, did not arise from either his ignorance of human nature, or want of discrimination : on the contrary, I have before said that these were the principal traits of his professional merit ; but it seems to have been a too anxious desire to give every part of his audience satisfaction, forgetting that admirable lesson of SHAKESPEARE, "to let the first care be to secure the good opinion of the judicious." This he certainly sometimes neglected to do, by unnecessarily laying an emphasis on words to point out to the less informed part of the theatre their import, like the man in the story retailed by FOOTE in one of his farces, who having painted the sign of King Charles in the oak, lest the spectators should not know what it meant, wrote under it "this is not the owl in the ivy bush."

This observation will be found true upon recollecting how he performed DOGBERRY in *Much-ado about Nothing* : his other fault, for I think he had but one more, was a perpetual anxiety to be unnecessarily audible. I should not wonder, as his com-

plaint was pulmonary, that this in some degree shortened his existence ; in which case both his friends and the public would consider it a fault of magnitude indeed. It will be contended that an actor should be particularly careful both to be audible and articulate ; and indeed it is the first lesson, and the most material ; but when this is first attained, and afterwards established by habit, common conversation, a very little elevated, especially in comedy, will answer all the purpose. GARRICK, who knew better than any body the trim of an audience, always succeeded best when he could make himself audible in a whisper.

This trifling drawback on great and extraordinary merit, cannot be considered either as unkind or uncandid. If I could be guilty of flattery, I certainly should sooner flatter the dead than the living ; it is more disinterested and more manly : to which charming sentiment every man must subscribe : but to celebrate a deceased friend, by describing him as a perfect being, is the strongest of all satire, and the very thing of all others that PARSONS, could he rise from the tomb, would blot out. One of the most elegant things I ever heard was a compliment paid by My Lord KENYON to My Lord LOUGHBOROUGH. Lord LOUGHBOROUGH had made a decision in Essex, contrary to the wish of the magistrates, who ultimately brought the matter into the

King's Bench, where his Lordship's opinion was over-ruled. The tenderness of Mr. ERSKINE for Lord LOUGHBOROUGH's reputation induced him to pronounce a high and eloquent encomium on his Lordship's merit and virtues, when Lord KENYON thus stopt him short : " Mr. ERSKINE, I have as
 " high an opinion of the merit and virtues of that
 " noble Lord as you can have, but I should have
 " a very contemptible one indeed of both, if I could
 " for a moment believe that he considered himself
 " as infallible."

After all, every thing I have said of PARSONS, as an actor, every body knows to be truth. That part of his character, therefore, though it was necessary to touch upon it, because it was the professional part of it, all those who have received for a long series of years so much pleasure from his exertions, could have delineated as faithfully as I have : I shall therefore dismiss the theatrical career of Mr. PARSONS, with remarking, that now he is no more he has his imitators, which is an infallible proof of his sterling excellence. We have the lees at this moment of that rich wine we tasted in SHUTER. EDWIN began to vend it, since which it has been philtered and strained through so many hands, and had so much luke-warm water thrown on the dregs, that bad perry is sparkling champagne, compared to the incomparable SHUTER given us at present. How

must CHURCHILL be nauseated at receiving SHUTTER, whom he did not like, at about the seventh hand, when he declared he could not bear GARRICK, whom he did like, at the second.

For this have we to regret PARSONS as an actor, and for a more serious reason still; for he being gone, we have little more now remaining than KING and Miss POPE, to put us in mind of the Augustine æra of the stage, the reign of GARRICK.

My knowledge of Mr. PARSONS, as a man, arose from a circumstance which gave me a close and intimate opportunity of coming at his private sentiments, as well as forming an opinion of his mental endowments, and their application. As I dabbled in poetry and music, PARSONS would insist on my being a painter; and when I laughed at his project, telling him that, fond as I was of the arts, I had never turned my thoughts that way, he did not care a halfpenny for that, he was sure I had strength of mind enough to accomplish any thing I undertook; and if I would promise only to begin, he would answer for the rest. Out of a whim, I took him at his word, and we that instant sent for colours and canvasses; I made a very indifferent hand of it at first; but after a time, having copied a WILSON tolerably well, the original of which he sold after-

wards to GARRICK, PARSONS pronounced that I should do.

My next attempt was so successful, that I ventured to make it a present. Being in company afterwards, where this picture was, with Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, Dr. JOHNSON, GOLDSMITH, and some others, Sir JOSHUA could not keep his eyes off this picture. I felt very awkward at being thus exposed, and GOLDSMITH, determined to increase my confusion, told Sir JOSHUA that he did not wonder at his admiration at the picture, for that it was composed by a great man. "I do not know what you mean by composed," said Sir JOSHUA, "but it is the worst thing I ever saw in my life." "Why do you take so much notice of it then?" said GOLDSMITH. "Oh! Sir," said Dr. JOHNSON, "physicians always love to analyse the faces." "My reason," said Sir JOSHUA, "for noticing that picture is, that though taken altogether it is a very contemptible performance, yet the man who painted it has an uncommon correct eye for colouring." "There's a compliment for you, DIBDIN," said GOLDSMITH, "why don't you make your best bow?" It finished by Sir JOSHUA's advising me to persevere, and promising to lend me some landscapes as models for my imitation.

I mention this circumstance because it set me to work in earnest in painting with PARSONS at my elbow. I communicated to him this kindness of Sir JOSHUA, and we both went the next morning to Leicester Square, where we pitched on such pictures as would answer our purpose.

We now set to work in earnest; nothing came amiss to us; Flemish or Italian, every thing we copied. Sir JOSHUA liberally furnished me with whatever I sent for, and the polygraphic art was instantly exercised. Nor was this an unlucky circumstance for PARSONS, for though he was a good painter, particularly a good fruit painter, in which he made ELMER his model, before I saw him, this advantageous opportunity certainly gave him a very material lift.

From this moment pictures and painters were all we could think of. When we were not at work, we were sure to be at some exhibition of pictures; till at length I began to know painting so well, that I could in general guess the artist, without looking at the catalogue.

This was PARSONS's forte; he was more a critic than a painter; he had more knowledge than genius; had he been a musician, he would have constructed harmony, not invented melody; had he been

a poet, he would have preferred a correct line to a brilliant one. In short, he was more elaborate than spirited, he paid more attention to the adjustment of many parts, than the grand effect of a whole; and thus, though he was a very good copier of a picture, he was by no means a first rate copier of nature.

My mind, as the world very well knows, has always been the reverse of this; and thus our progress took in each a different bent: I painted more slovenly than him, but often, in some respects, much better. This he always candidly confessed, and as a proof of it, a picture, our joint labour, was exhibited in that room which is now the Lyceum, about 1770, by my desire in his name; in which he pointed out to his friends and mine what part he had painted, and what part I had.

PARSONS'S pictures however are very respectable productions: I do not, therefore, mean to depreciate his merit in what I have said, nor should I have mentioned any thing relative to myself, had it not have been to account for the intimate conversations I so frequently had with PARSONS, when we have been employed for six hours together, delineating nature, and remarking on the various subjects that such an employment introduced.

In these conversations I found, for he never disguised his sentiments, that though strictly an honest man, PARSONS was rather a free thinker: I do not mean licentiously so, but one who admires the openness of morality, rather than the mysteries of religion. I know he has been censured for this, but the public may depend upon it, that the censure has attached to him more than any other way, from his having, perhaps imprudently, ventured apparently irreligious assertions among illiberal and ignorant men, the tendency of which, upon the broad principle he took them up, would have appeared perfectly honourable and moral to men of more candour and better understandings.

PARSONS has also been censured for keeping low company; this censure I must contend is as unfair as the other: PARSONS did not keep low company: they were not his companions, he only went where they happened to be, with a view, being an adept in the study of nature, to see her unadorned, which it must be allowed was a great help to him in his profession. The quaintness, vulgarism, humour, and whim, which he found in a tap room, was the ore from which he extracted his theatrical gold, and the public are therefore obliged to him for toiling in those mines, whence he brought so many natural gems, which, when with his skill, as an ingenious dramatic lapidary, he had polished and arranged,

produced those brilliant fallies with which they have been so often delighted.

Besides, there is precedent upon precedent in favour of PARSONS; and if SWIFT would sit upon a stone on Ormond Quay at Dublin, for hours to pick up the humour, and I will say wit, of the Irish shoe-blacks and chairmen, if GAY went to Newgate to learn how to write the Beggar's Opera, and CONGREVE passed his time at Wapping while he drew the portrait of Ben the sailor, why might not PARSONS be permitted to go to the Black Jack, and fairly imbibe those manners and that humour by the assistance of which he drew from his audience such loud and lavish applause? It is remarkable that PARSONS did not act a character; he was the character itself; and perhaps it is entirely owing to this circumstance.

Did not SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS pay a beggar to sit for the portrait of Ugolino. Has there been a rat-catcher, a general, an empress, or an oyster-woman painted by any eminent artist but somebody sat for the picture. Nature cannot be fancied, she must be seen to be imitated. But did I go on to excuse PARSONS by precedents, there would be no end to it, and I should not stop till I had brought my climax to the King and the Cobbler, and all the Ori-

ential rulers who mixed among the common people to learn how to govern.

In my frequent conversations with PARSONS, I could not fail to know his sentiments on all general subjects; and I found that he had a rooted aversion to those impositions and that quackery that has spread itself through all the laws and religions in the habitable globe; and as he could not reconcile to reason and truth what he was commanded to believe by priests and law-givers, he would, among his friends, animadvert pretty strongly on these subjects; which he was well enabled to do, by possessing a clear and strong judgment, and having treasured up a wonderful fund of information. He would ridicule the puppet-show parade of the Roman Catholic religion, as practised in Spain and Portugal; and inveigh against the hypocrisy that pervades the tabernacle; but always good tempered, and frequently in a strain of peculiar humour and pleasantry.

I remember an anecdote he told me, a little coarse to be sure, of being present with Shuter, who frequented Whitfield's tabernacle. This extraordinary preacher had been dealing out damnation with uplifted hands for a considerable time; at length getting on the subject of carnal desires, he congratulated himself that the women in his flock were

honest. "Thank God for this," said he: "yes, my flock are the chosen, the elect, and did I think there was a whore among you, I would throw this bible at her head." The women, who had been paying particular attention to this part of his sermon, seeing him, as he spoke these words, lift up a most tremendous bible;—as if his, like the ancient opinion of oratory, was, that it consisted in action—wrought upon like electricity, drew themselves up in a ludicrous attitude to evade the blow. "Oh, ho," said he, "I see how it is! what then you are all whores!"

On philosophical subjects he certainly took too large a latitude, though his remarks were full of those reflections that spring from a lively and penetrating mind; they were, however, more specious than conclusive, and had more of logic and casuistry, than reason and truth. He made Voltaire and Rousseau his models, and, caught with the tinsel of their fanciful opinions, he did not give himself sufficient leisure to examine that portion of alloy which he would certainly have found in them, if he had assayed them by the standard of that good sense which no man possessed a larger portion of than PARSONS.

I do not mean, however, to disparage PARSONS by these remarks. He was, as I have said before, strictly an honest man; which is enough to shew

that however he might have differed in speculative points from those who work by the mere line and rule of morality and religion, yet he had enough of the first to make him do as he would be done by, and of the latter to cherish an adoration of the Deity, with as much fervour as a devotee, though not perhaps with so much hypocrisy.

Thus PARSONS and I went on at different opportunities for about four years, painting and chatting: after which time my other studies obliged me to neglect the pencil, which I did not resume again but now and then at short intervals, till within these three years, and as it is now one-and-twenty years since I left the theatre, I have not in all that time had any opportunity of speaking as to any intimate knowledge of PARSONS.

You will, of course, avail yourself, where you properly can, of introducing his theatrical anecdotes: they were numerous and generally very entertaining; but I believe the best of them have already appeared in print; but as they are as fair game for you as for any one else, I don't see why that should restrain you from publishing them. I have myself printed two or three in my Musical Tour, which are at your service, if you think they will be of any use to you.

The lines I wrote for his tomb-stone, and the impromptu I sent you at the time of his death, you are also very welcome to.

And thus you are furnished with what my little leisure would permit me to send you concerning my old friend PARSONS, written in the way which I know would have been most acceptable to him; for he loved truth, and detested hypocrisy, during the time I knew him; and you and many others can bear testimony, that, to the time of his death, no one could accuse him of inconsistency. The memory of a man warm and sincere in his friendship, affectionate and attentive in his domestic situation, and upright and honest in his dealings, will suffer very little from the mention of a few venial foibles; without which alloy never yet was worked up that imperfect composition called a human creature.

I am, dear Sir,

Strand, July 7, 1795.

Truly your's,

C. DIBDIN,

Mr. Bellamy thinks it necessary just to say, that he has by no means availed himself of newspaper paragraphs; he has not looked into the Musical Tour of Mr. Dibdin for anecdotes concerning Mr. Parsons; nor does he mean to refer to it on any future occasion.

January 1, 1796.

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THE
LONDON
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A POEM

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LONDON THEATRE
BY
THOMAS BELLAMY

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
BY
THE AUTHOR, 10, FLEET STREET,
LONDON.
1793.

THE BRITISH STAGE was at no time more rich in *private worth* than at the present moment :—and however it may have fallen off in *professional excellence*, the candid and unprejudiced must acknowledge, that, there are yet left some ornaments to embellish its choicest scenes :—ornaments that will not be forgotten till time shall have dropped its curtain over the race by whom they were remembered.

The author freely confesses, that where there is so much *merit* to dwell upon, he has occupied an inconsiderable space indeed, on the score of *blame* ; aware that,

‘TEN CENSURE ILL, FOR ONE WHO ACTS AMISS.’

LONDON THEATRE

The British actor was at no time more than in a state of mind as the present position -- and however it may have fallen off in weight and value, the central and important part of the drama, that about a fortnight since commenced to tell its story of events -- elements that will not be forgotten till time shall have dropped its curtain over the race by whom they were witnessed.

The author feeling compelled, that where there is so much matter to be told, he has occupied an inordinately large space, on the score of space, aware that

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THE
LONDON THEATRES.

IN all the solemn state of pictur'd woe,
See, in the depth of yonder nodding grove,
The fav'rite daughter of the weeping muse,
The matchless SIDDONS!

The paly radiance of the silver moon
Darts thro' the whisp'ring trees, by Autumn thinn'd,
As its chill winds precede sad Winter's reign,
And streaks the lonely path thro' which she glides.

How dear to sentiment, how dear to thought,
Are the just accents flowing from her tongue!
The marking changes pictur'd in her face!
The varying movements of her finished form,
Replete with all that dignity can give.—
Ah! heard you not the agonizing shriek,
That winds in thrilling echo through the gloom,
O'er which with fullen sound the thunder rolls?

'Tis the *lone wail* which she *alone* can pour,
When hopeless misery splits the mad'ning brain,
When torture rends the lacerated heart,
When its swell'd chords are bursting from their hold,
'Ere the whelm'd soul,—(the cup of anguish drain'd)
Quits with convulsive throbs the trembling frame.

And who like thee, O SIDDONS! can pourtray
The force of sorrow acting on that frame,

Display the sudden start,—foul-thrilling look ?
 With skill unerring!—dear to Nature's self,
 Dear to the muse, who, pensive o'er her urn,
 In thee her darling, and her boast beholds,
 The nameless richness of departed worth,
 Again reviv'd to dignify the stage,
 When fancied woe presides, and thou art Queen !

There long remain to pour the matchless lay
 Of that great dramatist, whose living scenes
 Were form'd on Nature's plan, and graced by thee.

When drooping genius mourn'd, and few indeed
 Were left for sad Melpomene to own,
 A Siddons rose, and all her rites restored.

Then Tragedy ! on Drury's ancient boards,
 Engag'd the public mind, and then we view'd,
 A Pritchard's dignity ; a Cibber's fire ;
 A Yates's nerve, when injur'd majesty
 Indignant grasp'd the dagger or the bowl !
 Just e're the curtain loosened from its stay,
 Dropp'd o'er the pictur'd corse, and clos'd the scene.

With pensive gaze, and heart arresting sigh,
 With murmur'ing accent soft, and woe-begone,
 The modest KEMBLE meets her just applause.

Hark ! the loud roar, and now the fable train,
 Pursue with dreadful yell---the man of trade,
 The buyer of his race, to chains condemn'd,
 And all the direful ills, which wait the *slave* !
 He seeks the cavern, and, yet trembling, views

The ebon maid.—The faithful Yarico,
 Asleep with sacred innocence and peace !
 She wakes ! she looks ! she loves ! and to her heart
 Clasps th' ingrate who meditates her ruin ;
 E'en in the hour in which she saves his life ;
 And saves it at the hazard of her own !—
 The tale is known to all : Simplicity
 Has plac'd its stamp on *Yarico* ! the stage,
 Receives her—Colman's classic pen
 Has raised the interesting scene, to last
 Till time and nature close, and ALL IS STILL.
 Ah Kemble, could it last, with powers like thine,
 To raise the poet's theme, and reach the heart ;---
 How vain the wish ! but never may the muse,
 Who pays this honest tribute to thy worth,
 Behold another Yarico ;---to thee,
 To thee alone, the fable heroine clings,
 And has not yet—nor e'er will, own thy peer.

With aspect penetrating, strong and bold,
 (A well tried stager, to Thalia dear)
 Behold Ma'am MATTOCKS, still alert and gay,
 In vulgar epilogues the lady shines ;
 In snip snap chat, to her the palm resign,
 Ye chambermaids, and all ye lowly herd,
 Who bolster up the scene which needs your aid.
 —Time was, "but that's no matter," when in song
 The fair one, with her help-mate, took the lead,
 The Patty and Rosetta of her day.

B

Those tuneful hours are gone—and goodman Time,
 Has long pursu'd his journey since their close.
 —The rising race will now small credence give,
 When, from their elders, they are gravely told,
 That *Billington*, by MATTOCKS was outdone.

Sportive JORDAN, in thy smiles,
 Love exhibits all its wiles:
 Sprightly humour, native ease,
 Such as thine must ever please.
 Arch thy glance, bewitching fair;
 Wildly floats thy graceful hair;
 A child more favour'd, more *alone*,
 Euphrosyne shall never own.
 Still charm as erst in all thy varied parts;
 Still reign, deserving nymph, the queen of hearts;
 For public merit private worth combine,
 To form th' unfading wreath so truly thine.

With lively air, impressive face,
 A form of symmetry and grace;
 With all that speaks; (and praise apart)
 That speaks a good and gentle heart,—
 We hail thee, FARREN; winning maid,—
 In Nature's ornaments array'd.
 When time-mark'd Abington retir'd,
 You gave what Teazle then requir'd.
 You fill'd, and sweetly *look'd* the part,
 And won Thalia's beating heart,

Till then, fair nymph, the sisters twain
By turns, had held her in their train;
By turns, their higher scenes was grac'd,
By turns their Farren they embrac'd.

With pigmy form and ebon eye,
Dark brown BLAND, as gipsy fly,
Trips it as she *flirts* along,
Yielding but to few in song:
O scandal, what an errand jade!
Would all thy sayings were unsaid,
That so our Bland might still be gay,
And green-room *gossip* die away.

The sprightly FONTENELLE just seen and gone,
Now roams an alien to her native land,
To gain in other realms the meed of praise;
Nor shall it be denied---Her private worth,
Her merit in a walk beyond her years,
Her filial duty, and her guileless heart,
Shall gain a just renown---denied her here.

The halcyon days, when Garrick ruled the state,
Of ancient Drury are remember'd still,
With fond regret, nor shall his fair renown
Be left unsung, or said till time shall call
The tongue to silence, by fair memory charg'd,
And lay the head he silver'd in its grave.
Hail to thee, bard of Avon's silver stream,
Nature and thee were one! when thou wert born!

The goddeſs, ſmiling, watch'd thy infant mind,
And led thee to the verge of Fancy's realms,
Who fondly view'd thy all-creating hand
Enrich the ſcenes of imitative life ;
While every ſcene ſupporting her fair cauſe
Induc'd the crowd to venerate the name
Of heaven-born virtue !
Names honour'd, names lamented, thine ſhall live,
All tow'ring Shakspeare, till old Time is check'd
In his long courſe, from age to age purſued ;
Check'd by the power who all his works ſhall end,
And bid his ample pinions *wave no more*.
But Garrick, thine, as years may roll away,
Shall leſs and leſs be prais'd, as leſs and leſs
The mortal race become who own'd thy worth,
In Lear, in Richard, Benedick, and Brute.
Thine may be loſt, or e'er the ſhrine be rais'd,
So long expected, and too long delay'd,
To bear it from a Bacon's taſteful hand.
When Garrick died *indeed*, a Shakspeare's muſe,
Remain'd unhonour'd till our KEMBLE came,
And in a Denmark's prince, revived her fame !
Nor Denmark's prince alone ! ſtern Richard next,
Call'd for the loud acclaim, and next Macbeth
Engag'd the penetrating eye of taſte,
While nature, witneſs of the perfect worth,
Sigh'd for a Garrick gone—for ever gone ;
But, ſmiling, own'd a Kemble ſtill remain'd,
“ To give the world aſſurance of a man,”

Born to support, and raise the bard's renown !

—*And raise the bards renown ?*—Nay starts not
muse !

—AND RAISE THE BARDS RENOWN ?—re'echoes
FAME.

As her loud trump on CORIOLANUS dwells.

In thy domestic tale of scenic woe,
Thy *gamester*, heart arresting Moore, we view,
Judicious AICKIN, full of sense and truth,
In faithful *Jarvis*, warm the honest heart,
That beats as nature prompts where'er she turns,
To place her stamp on Fiction's pensive strain.

Let Fairfield, and a train of characters,
Where plain and honest manners are the mark,
Proclaim an Aickin's worth, who looks, who feels,
The sentiment he utters ; and exalts
The theme, with lively interest fraught, with *moral*
crown'd !

A *British* audit'ry shall ever own,
Such are the pillars of a *British* stage.
Who to the duties mark'd in honour's scale,
On the great scene of life, with nicer ken,
Observes their bearing, consequence, and end ?
—Above disguise he treads the forward path ;
And “ men esteem him rightly.”

KING still unequall'd in the limping lord,
Yclep'd Lord Ogleby, will ne'er be seen

Too often, where his talents shine confess'd,
 As here they do, unrivall'd yet; and pure.
 In Teazle next, where whim and feeling meet,
 In strange conjunction meet, he stands alone.---
 In Brads, and others like him, let me still
 Behold my favourite *King*; and but the space
 Forbids enlargement, I could fondly dwell
 On all that sterling worth by critics priz'd:
 Critics who honour, not *disgrace* the name.

PARSONS! dame Nature's wonder and delight,
 How hast thou, child of merriment and glee,
 From Garrick's golden days to those we own,
 With tender frame (for many a year assail'd,
 By meagre Asthma's all destroying power)
 Come forward to thy friends, while equal warmth,
 "Of friendly greeting pass'd on either side."
 The while, too evident to all appear'd
 The lurking illness, struggling with the will!
 Oft has thy humble poet, and thy *friend*,
 Mix'd with the gods to join with honest hands,
 Who give no *palm* but where the heart approves.
 —Alas thy place is VACANT! In thy loss,
 The comic muse now owns a loss *indeed*,
 As all in vain the goddess turns around
 For *one* to fill it, with an equal claim
 For *general* acceptation.

Dodd still the fop of *fashion* wears the bays ;
None on the present stage can reach him *there*,
In Ague Cheek, the pure comedian view :
Away with prejudice, and envy---hence,
While *living*,---candour, give him merit here,
'Tis nature, genuine nature through the whole !
'Tis all the bard e'er meant, or "truth's a *lie*."
And could he rise to view the part so fill'd,
So ably fill'd, with all that it requires,
The venerable shade would smile to see,
His muse so honour'd, and descend in peace.

BURTON, in humble station, ne'er offends,
Burton is modest, there his merit lies ;
Burton be modest still, and keep thy friends.

WEBB, an actress of merit and surely of weight,
Allowed on all hands, of some use to the state.
There are some who knew *Clive*, and more who
knew *Green*,

Both sommon'd by fate, from the varying scene :
The varying scene both of *life* and the *stage*,
But not till stern time had consign'd them to age.
Their parts were long fill'd by this round-about dame,
In which she has gather'd some laurels from fame ;
Rest her soul, she is gone, not to earth's *narrow* bed,
And with her much portion of humour is fled ;
For a time she was miss'd until DAVENPORT came,
And Davenport justly is favour'd by fame.

When well form'd HARLOW's seen in breeches
 Her dainty leg the eye bewitches,
 Sure none has seen and none will see
 Her *Dolly* give a *disb of tea* *
 Without a free approving smile
 Join'd with just share of praise the while.

When on the stage there's many own thy merit,
 In parts which suit thy *temper* and thy *spirit*!
 That *temper* and that *spirit*, of the stage,
 Must surely, WALDRON, all good hearts engage.

When vulgar manners are pourtrayed to view,
 Who gives the picture with a touch more true;
 Than ROBERT PALMER.---But in brilliant scenes
 Displaying rank, and life, and manners fit,---
 I've ever wish'd some other in his place.

DIGNUM, thou jolly child of pleasing song,
 I never yet have thought the air too long,
 When the composer to some plaintive measure,
 Some added gem to Melancholy's treasure,
 At once replete with melody and mind,
 His arduous labours has to thee consign'd.

Of pleasing form of tender years
 In LEAKE another Crouch appears;
 And sooth to say the comic muse
 In Leake another Darling views,

* In Waldron's, *Heigh ho for a Husband*.

In thee too, Powell, from her ebon throne,
The *tragic muse* a favour'd child shall own.

To thee, DE CAMP, to thee belong
The powers that charm the sportive throng;
Struck with thy form, thy ease, thy grace,
The mind which animates thy face:
Thalia hail'd thee with a smile,
And bade thee many a heart beguile.
Bade thee her lively scenes inspire,
Blend private worth with public merit.
—Few years are pass'd, since, in the mazy dance,
We saw thee first a little elfin form,
Led by the Graces, where thy infant steps,
And loud applause the early effort crown'd,
When Richard Cour de Lion's splendid scenes,
Rush'd on the town and rais'd the artist's fame.
High in the town's best praise; De Camp first *spoke*,
While the pleas'd audience hail'd the prattling
child:

Of this no more—for now the giant fane,
Rais'd *round* the spot where poor old Drury stood,
Forbids the shew of baby excellence:
Now, on its spacious stage, e'en Palmer stuff'd,
For pond'rous Falstaff, as he rolls along,
Appears a pigmy form, a pamper'd dwarf,
To the spectators seated in the *clouds*.

Where Palmer shines, a Sheridan can tell,
 In his own Surface who can play so well ?
 In Wilding--Ranger--Shakspeare's drunken knight,
 In Bobadil, the swelling braggart wight ;
 In Falstaff--Harry--Richmond---fair renown,
 The generous meed of a discerning town,
 Has long been Palmer's ; long may it remain ;
 Long may he grace *new* Drury's *ample* plain,
 The first of GENERAL ACTORS.

But who is this, with lively glance and free ;
 Whose countenance beams mind, and soul, and fire,
 Whose flexile form and easy frolic air
 Speak her alliance to the comic muse ?
 'Tis GIBBS, the pretty ! GIBBS, by all admir'd.

What dulcet strains now float upon the air,
 And fill extended space ? How clear, how full,
 That swell of harmony ; and now how soft,
 It sinks to tuneful whispers : now again
 It rises, thrilling to the raptur'd ear :
 'Tis Milton's *echo* from a CROUCH ! how *sweet* !
 Fair songstrefs, to exalt thy name still more,
 To place it in the list of first rate worth,
 A Kelly came, and made thee what thou art.

Garrick, when his Jubilee,
 Join'd by voice and minstrelsy,
 On old Drury's *well form'd* stage,
 With the town was all the rage,

BANNISTER, with forceful tone,
 Mellow, deep, and *all his own*,
 Took the lead of all the train
 That fill'd the *serenading* strain :
 Listening crowds approv'd the while,
 " Lovely beauty deign'd to smile."

'Twas not all the scenic aid,
 Garrick's CYMON that array'd,
 Would have lengthen'd out its day,
 Had not *Merlin* prov'd its stay.

'Twas not all the grand design,
 Which mark'd its numerous scenes divine,
 Cloathing rich " A Christmas Tale,"
 Would have made those scenes prevail :
 Fancy and Louthembourg were vain,
 Compar'd to good *Bonora's* strain.

Long, convivial son of glee,
 Long may health remain with thee.
 Honest Charles will ne'er offend,
 While genuine wit shall own a friend.
 When thy mortal race is run,
 Let men behold thee in a son;
 Born to grace a father's name,
 Take his laurel wreath from Fame;
 Nor shall a fading leaf be seen,
 Departing from its native green.

—When the stroke
 Which all must bend to, met thee in thy noon,

Of rising glory, and well earn'd renown,
 Impressive HENDERSON---to HARLEY's mind,
 To Harley, who thy memory reveres,
 Thy spirit, and thy manner, were transferr'd.

How, in crowds,
 To view thy Richard, and thy Shylock, prefs'd
 Impatient multitudes; while on thy praise,
 The daily prints contended which should most
 Exalt thy genius, and extol thy worth.
 That worth transferr'd; a diff'rent theatre
 Demands a diff'rent treatment, servile praise
 Appears no more; and soon in characters
 Unworthy of thy powers, we saw thee plac'd.
 But genius will be known, nor daring art,
 Nor *management* shall crush it; Massinger,
Reviv'd, again presented thee, *thyself restor'd*,
Original and brilliant.---In *Sir Giles*,
 You gain'd an honest, and an unbought fame;
 Thine own,---which manager could never give,
 Thine own,---which manager could ne'er resume,
 In Jephson's fine-wrought tale, from Walpole's
 mould,
 The poet's strains were dignified by thee.
 In Whitehead's Roman Father, "last, not least,"
 Impressive Henderson, you greatly shone!
 Beyond your strength, you *felt* a patriot zeal,
 And gain'd from Fame, a palm---from Fate, a death!

HARLEY, thy pupil, one day will receive
 His right, his *honest right*; from Chance or Time
 The unassuming actor's only hope.

Yes, sense and feeling, hail'd the wish'd return
 Of POPE, too long an alien to the stage,
 Where Southern's fable chief insur'd his fame.

—————When, in tears,
 Evander trembling, doubting, clasps his child,
 His lov'd Euphrasia: and when more assur'd,
 That child, the paragon of daughters stands,
 In filial trembling hope, before her father;
 Just as when Nature, "breaking its own laws,"
 Completes the task which renovates his frame.
 How all the father rests upon his look;
 How accent, manner, action, all confess
 The parent, such as nature and the muse
 Would wish it pictur'd, ere upon the boards
 The poet's labours fought the public voice.
 ---Ere *Barry's*; wife and husband---father---child,
 One in the *pictur'd*, one the *real* stage,
 With kindred genius, equal to pourtray
 The Muse's boldest flights—adorn'd the scene,
 By *Murphy* rais'd, to whom the British stage,
 Must ever own a debt of gratitude.

HOLMAN, in fair department, and in mind,
 Nature hath not been niggard in her gifts:
 Then do not thou, ungrateful, slight her laws:

So shall thy author flow distinct and clear ;
The broken sentence---Art's detested trick,
No more be heard.---In Romeo's stol'n farewell.
With gentle love-sick Juliet---ne'er again,
Where all should be in whisper soft and low,
Mild and harmonious, as fair love itself,
Shall Judgment's ear be startled with a rant,
More suited to the tyrant Bagazet.
In his last rage, or cruel Richard, thine,
When calling Richmond forth to meet thy sword ;
Then to the lovers plaint, all trembling, sad,
All anxious for its much lov'd objects peace ;
Endanger'd by the midnight interview,
For which she quits the couch of soft repose,
To breathe in still response her maiden vows.
In Drury's wid'ned amphitheatre,
In scenes like these, where sound must be convey'd,
To the far distant crowd in gallery rows,
Propriety is outrag'd. Those below,
(Plac'd at just distance, in the neighbouring pit,)
Behold the Roman traitor steal toward
The couch of sleeping gentle Imogen,
As fearful every step might wake the fair.
Behold him view the chamber, and, at length,
Note on her bosom, the "cinque spotted" mole :
Then, hear him tell his villainous intent,
In tones high rais'd, discordant, and unfit,
To gods assembled in their lofty seats!—
Drury, thy vast and tow'ring space has prov'd

The builder's triumph, but the actor's bane.
 On thy broad boards, the whistling winds aroun'd,
 Annoy the shiv'ring hero, as he moves,
 And *chatters* o'er his lesson, numb'd by cold
 Intense, and hurtful to his powers and frame.
 Triumph ye dancing, and ye dumb-shew tribe,
 Where the light *beel*, a stranger to the HEAD,
 Hath now brave footing, for its mazy rounds.
 Ye *bulls*, ye *bears*, rejoice!—Ye *chargers* thrive,
 Thrive in your *stalls theatric*, pamper'd high,
 For grand and glittering spectacles to come.

Fav'rite of Momus, "laughter loving god,"
The prince of low comedians, QUICK, to thee,
 Now Parson's is no more, Thalia turns,
 To do her *ample* right,—nor turns in vain.

And SUETT, thou, by industry shall gain
 A solid footing in the town's esteem.

Necessity, thy call is ever heard
 By ready BENSON:---ever at a pinch,
 Thou fidgetting and hurrying dame, we view
 Thy servant at thy beck; correct and well:
 At least *as well as may be* for the time
 Allotted for the task by thee decreed.
 To night O'Keefe's RED LION claims his aid,
 And, *dash my buttons*, he's the landlord there.
 To-morrow, Colman's *rags* are to be worn,

And mad Octavion, *plump* and pale, appears,
 And rants, and storms, and frets, as mad-man should.
 While, if not *Kemble*, he is Benfon *still*,
 A man of noble daring, and *some* worth.

When EDWIN, child of Error, dearly paid
 For every rumour'd, every real fault,
 And press'd, untimely press'd—the lap of earth,
 MUNDEN came forward, to supply his place.
 But Edwin had a *manner* that defied,
 The imitator's utmost skill to reach :
 A *manner* buried with him in his grave ;
 A *manner* ne'er to be reviv'd again !
 This Munden knew, and from his own conceit
 Produc'd *his* Jemmy Jumps—the bold attempt
 Succeeded to his wish, and gain'd the town.
 In Darby next he ventur'd ; here *again*
 The outline was his own, and prov'd a skill :
 But merit more important is his boast :
 Not to the light burletta is confin'd
 Those powers which now enrich the higher scenes
 Of sterling comedy. In Grey-beards, there,
 In dress, in look, decrepitude and speech,
 He moves, and seems indeed *the man of age*.
 For *dressing* CHARACTER he bears a name,
 Nor will it be forgotten, or put by,—
 The *Munden cut*, when Munden's day is past.

When through thy winding shades, (Vauxhall) was
heard

The tones of INCLEDON, harmonious, clear ;
Filling thy sportive and enchanting realms
With melody unheard before, or known :
Assembled crowds in loud encore proclaim'd
The songster's triumph, and the hearer's taste.
Remov'd from thence, some seasons now are past,
Since on a winter stage, the public own'd,
In him, the head of all its tuneful train.

Sportive, playful, arch, and free,
Lovely MARTYR, hail to thee !
Catley's pupil---Catley's boast ;
Catley, in herself an host,
Watch'd and taught thy infant powers,
Gave thee to the laughing Hours,
Led thee, full of youth and glee,
To the blythe Euphrosyne,
Then from Fancy's realms retiring,
With her genius all inspiring,
To thee resign'd the vacant throne,
In Thumb's fam'd drama, now thine own.

Long in Comedy's paths, but not too long I ween,
Sprightly POPE has embellish'd the varying scene.
In Thalias bright train she is justly renown'd,
And with laurels unfading, by Fame has been crown'd.

The genius of Johnstone is no way confin'd,
His *Inkle* may vouch for the force of his mind,

When elegant GOODALL, by nature adorn'd
With a figure as graceful as ever was form'd,
From her manager's BATTLE OF HEXHAM retir'd,
It prov'd how an aid like *her own* was requir'd.
When a Farren is absent—with spirit and grace,
Who like Goodall can fill up that fav'rite's place?

"WHITFIELD'S appearance speaks him what he is,
The *gentleman* both *on* and *off* the stage."
Thus spoke the man who venerates his worth,
And thus the page receives it.

Where is ROCK, BERNARD, DAVIS? why lost to a
stage,
In which we have seen them attention engage?
The critic's attention, in parts not a few,
And heard the loud plaudit, so justly their due.
CUBITT, too! he is off; without wherefore, or why?
Rogue GIBBET gone with him, and no *bue* and cry.

First in Opera trifles a BARRYMORE mov'd,
In Meadows, in Aimworth, and others, approv'd.
But soon in a walk more important he's seen;
Engag'd in the cause of the Tragedy Queen:
With rapid improvement, his way he pursu'd,
By Industry favour'd, with Genius endu'd.

SCENERY.

WHO, when the garden, and the palace, claim
 Their breathing statues, who can paint like thee
 Impressive tasteful SMIRKE?---How grand, how vast
 Thy curtain of new Drury, in design,
 Judicious MALTON! Thy receding scene,
 Of architectural beauty so deceives,
 The eye of Admiration, that we ask---
 "Is this majestic view, *unreal* ALL?
 The rising column, and the stately arch
 Can ne'er be pictur'd *thus*! 'tis not in art"---
 -----Yes, 'tis in art---For see, the gathering wind
 Gives motion to the canvas!
 The Loves and Graces crowd the cheerful stage,
 And hark! the distant bells, in lively chime,
 Fling to the echoing space their pleasing sound!
 The rural village is the subject now,
 Where GREENWOOD's pastoral beauties are pour-
 tray'd,
 Nature looks on, with wonder and delight,
 Views her own scenes by art so curious wrought,
 Views her tall poplars, waving to the wind,
 Her drooping willows kiss the lucid stream.---
 And now, the voice of mirth is heard no more,
 The lively chime, and village revels, change
 To the drear church-yard, and the solemn knell!
 The while the silver moon beam, o'er the stream,
 Which skirts its mournful borders trembling darts,

And partial rests upon the pictur'd urn,
Placed, by the artist's cunning hand, beside
The pensive yew tree; whose funeral leaves
Reflect their shadow on its marble base,
And make its polish'd whiteness, still more white!
What sounds enchant, whose plaintive measure steals
Upon my calm mind, soften'd by the view,
Dear to the pensive muse, and dear to me?
Now its soft strains in distance die away,
And now again advancing, float in air;
Assist the scene where Imitation reigns,
And from fair Nature's self the palm receives
For truth, conception, freedom, power, and mind.

MIND, without thee the painter's touch, how vain!
What is the fine drawn tree, its foliage such,
So closely copied, that the nicest eye
Can no where find a fault? 'Tis *mind* alone,
In Fancy's landscape, that must fix its place.
What is high finishing, and objects true
As hand can form, or nicest skill produce,
If these are all the painter has to boast,
To whom a taste in *blending* is denied?
'Tis a vain knowledge, and a flimsy boast,
The *real artist's* jest, and Nature's scorn.
—Walmsley, in all their pictur'd force displays,
Thy interesting prospects to our view,
Majestic Wales, where poets love to roam,
And catch a thought, as silence reigns around!
While mountain, dale, and stream enchant the eye,
And sooth to harmony the raptur'd soul.

THE FAIR UNFORTUNATE.

Unhappy sex, who only claim,
A being in the breath of Fame.

MOORE.

Unhappy sex indeed! whom ruin waits,
As, unprotected and exposed by Fate,
You mourn a father, or a guardian lost!
Denied the means to gain your honest bread,
And deck'd with dangerous beauty, soon to fade
Beneath the spoiler's defolating power!

The third act over—how the lobby fills!
Ah! times are chang'd, and simple manners fled.
Ere rural scenes, our fathers boast and pride,
Were visited by mattock, or by spade,
And all their charms uptorn, *small* houses serv'd,
In *Goodman's Fields*: few sat in box or pit:
The last confin'd to *gents* and *critics* sage,
The other to more elevated rank:
Except in upper tier, there sat the punk
In tinsell'd frippery, to watch her trade:
A stranger then, to *ice*, or dainty *tea*,
Or blooming *peach*, or *nectarine*, or *plum*,
Or ready messenger, in Betty, Jane,
Who now in lobby wait their lady's beck,
To execute her will: perhaps to watch
Some cully's motions, who, from shop set free,
In boot, and ribbon'd knee, and whiten'd pate,

Stands all the artful fair one asks, till pent
In loathsome cell, she leaves him to his fate,
Her own abhorred work, and seeks another.
But few it is, compar'd, who know their trade.
No; art is *man's*, and *woman* falls its victim!
By nature lovely, guileless, innocent,
They know not to deceive till dearly taught.

Revenge and desperation, urg'd by wrongs,
And fix'd by hard misfortune, oft impel
Their trembling steps to scenes the soul condemns.

The little Emily, twelve summers past,
With pewter pots across her shoulder flung,
In fam'd King's-Place, was seen by —— queen,
Of all the monstrous herd who watch the hour,
To entrap the *child*, to hoary dotard doom'd.
A titled scoundrel gave the heavy purse,
And Emily was raised to *life* and *style*.
Soon in her lofty car she roll'd along,
With rein and whip in hand, in fam'd Hyde-Park,
And shone a brilliant star, how soon to fall!
Imprudence prov'd her bane; while Jealousy,
Dissolv'd the chain by which his *Grace* was held,
And Emily was thrown upon the town.
By turns the different theatres she plied,
And often pennyless and sad returned,
To think on days of *happier* indigence,
The paths of vice untried!
Now in sad plight she drags from door to door,
“All sickly, pale, and wan,” and asks for bread,

With forrowing, pleading look, and piteous tone,
In Mary'bone fam'd streets, for *frail* and *fair*.
There many a heart is open to her tale ;
While many a lost one, with exploring eye,
Hear's " Sister think on me and heaven befriend,"
Pronounc'd from death-ting'd lips, and inward
groans.

Oh! who can view the lobby's crowded space,
View the vile spendthrift *Lounger* as he prowls,
From nymph to nymph, with " bold unblushing
front,"

And broad insulting tongue, and *calmly view*?
With hat enormous, deck'd with fierce cockade,
The shameless youth with strutting gait appears:
" Who is he?" Observation curious cries ;
" A prentic'd haberdasher," Truth rejoins.
Pursue his steps awhile—convenient Nan,
Who deals in fruit it seems, but more in flesh,
Informs him how his fair, in prison clos'd,
Requests his aid to free her. Silken purse,
Fresh taken from the shop, is now drawn forth,
And on Nan's palm the golden guinea gleams,
From Till purloin'd—as yet a petty theft,
To-morrow something more is promis'd : Nan,
Now follows to his box, and hands her ware,
(Knowing her spark) to *Miss*, or *MISTRESS*, nigh.
His latest hour exhausted, home he skulks,
And meditates a deed of darkness there ;
A deed, perhaps, his *deepest* and his *last*.

Think not this painting overcharg'd, thou Cit,
Who loiterest at thy VILLA past the day,
Appointed that of leisure and repose :
Give not the fatal *opportunity*
To him whose morals you have sworn to guard,
To drag a ruin on himself and thee.

FINIS.

*At a future period it is the intention of the Author of THE
LONDON THEATRES to resume the subject.*

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It was the original intention of Mr. Bellamy to sell THE LIFE OF PARSONS, and THE LONDON THEATRES by *themselves*, as well as *with* the Miscellanies: and for that purpose they were *titled, priz'd, and separately* paged. As he has renounced that intention, it is necessary respectfully to inform the Public, that, the present Edition of the MISCELLANIES, the LIFE, and the POEM, cannot be had in any other way than *together*.

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